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## ALICE, THE FISHER GIRL: —OR— THE OLD MAN OF THE WRECK.

A Story of Old England and the Ocean.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

### CHAPTER I.

#### AN IMPORTANT CONFERENCE.



BETWEEN Dunwich and Alborough, about half way, on the coast of Suffolk, there is a small indentation in the shore, and into this empties a small stream known as Mandham River, yet it hardly deserves the name of river, for it is but a moderate sized brook at best. The course of this stream is a very little south of east, and the scenery upon its banks is delightful in the extreme. The shore of the inlet into which it empties is mostly a smooth, level beach, and at a short distance out the water is quite deep. To the south of the stream, and at a short distance from the sea, was situated a large and elegant manor house known as Linden Hall, and it was the dwelling of Sir William Brentford, a wealthy old baronet who owned many tenements in the adjoining district. The hall was built upon the brow of a gentle eminence, and the wide lawn, which extended to the river, was thickly set with lindens, elms, and oaks in regular rows, and prettily marked with neatly gravelled walks and flanks of roses and evergreens. The house itself was a handsome structure, large and roomy, with two broad verandahs running clear around it, and amply supplied with commodious stables and other outbuildings. Then back of the building was an extensive garden, well stocked with the choicest fruits, both foreign and domestic, and regularly dotted with arbors and little artificial lakets.

At the time on which our story opens, the occupants of the hall were Sir William Brentford, his son, Thomas, a young man five-and-twenty years of age, and a girl named Belinda Warner. This latter person was an orphan, and connected with the old baronet by way of marriage. Her father was an earl, and very wealthy, and at his death, which occurred a few years previous to the time of which we write, he gave his child in charge to Sir William, and also placed his property in the same keeping. Besides these there were any number of servants, both male and female, for the wealthy baronet kept a great table, and lived for the animal luxuries of life.

There had been a sort of hope before Lord Warner died, that Belinda and Thomas Brentford should marry with each other, but such was not to be the case, for, after an intimate acquaintance of some five years they were only on the terms of common friendship, and totally without love for each other, nor did there seem to be any probability that their hearts would ever call for a closer union.

Thomas Brentford was a good-looking youth, with black hair and black eyes, of medium size, and of ordinary intelligence. His features were regular, but they bore in every line the characteristics of the epicure. And then he was vain and proud, and his bearing towards his inferiors was haughty and overbearing. Yet he was a social companion, and his society was much sought by those of his equals who were used to his mode of life. And then the young man had some love of the beautiful, too, and in many cases his appreciations were just and reasonable. As far as his moral character was concerned his qualities were rather of the negative kind. He had but few positive qualities, being almost entirely the creature of impulse and passion.

Belinda Warner was about eighteen years of age, tall, and well-proportioned, but not very comely in appearance, though some might have called her handsome. Her features were regular, but her nose had a tendency to turn up at the end, and her lips were rather thinner than the good judges of female beauty generally like to see. Her hair was decidedly sandy in its hue, and her eyes were of a sort of bluish gray. Her face had a tendency to freckle, and her brow was

rather low and contracted. Yet when Belinda Warner was perfectly good-natured she looked well enough, and at such times she might even have been called pretty. But she was not always good-natured. Very often was she sulky and peevish, and she had a peculiar faculty of making herself miserable without any just cause.

Sir William had seen the noon of life, and his days were drawing fast towards their evening. He had lived the full span of three-score and ten, and his frame was still stout and strong. His head was bald upon the top, and the hair which clustered about his neck and ears was silvered and crisp. His eyes were of a deep, dark blue, and their light was often dim and flickering. He had seasons of strange melancholy, and it required much social lenity to bring him out to real enjoyment. Whenever he was left alone the clouds came upon his brow, and the sad light dwelt in his eyes. He liked not to be left alone much, but he could not keep company now as in former years. He could not join in the chase, for his limbs refused their accustomed duty in the saddle, and his hand could not hold the rein as of old. Yet the old baronet had much company, and he still enjoyed something of life. Most people thought him a happy old man, for he lived his pleasures before the world, while what of sorrows he had were hidden from the world's gaze.

It was a clear afternoon in early summer, and the lawn and the garden of Linden Hall were clothed in their regal robes of foliage and flowers. There was a low rumble of wheels in the distance upon the Dunwich road, and the old baronet looked out. He knew that the mail from Ipswich had passed, and that the mail from Yarmouth was not yet due.

"Somebody must be coming to the hall," he said, as he walked out upon the broad piazza; and his words proved true, for soon afterwards a heavy travelling carriage came rolling up one of the broad avenues that led through the park. Sir William forgot his gun—for he had a touch of that disease in his feet—he forgot his gun, for he recognized the livery of the postillions.

Ere long the carriage was at the landing steps, and in a moment more a hale old man—or rather a middle-aged man—jumped out upon the piazza. "Lord Tiverton, upon my soul," exclaimed the baronet, hastening forward and grasping the new-comer's hand. "Why, bless you, old boy, the sight of you is like an angel—the angels we see painted, and read about. Ha, ha, ha."

Tiverton returned the old man's grasp with a hearty good will, and then they adjourned to the house. Lord Arnot Tiverton was Earl of Winchester. He was a portly, healthy-looking man, yet in the prime of life, a good liver, and one who seemed to enjoy the good things of earth with all zest. His face, which was round and full, betrayed considerable good nature and kindness of heart, but at the same time the physiognomist would not have failed to detect the signs of a quick temper and a most stubborn will. Lord Tiverton and Sir William Brentford had long been on terms of the utmost intimacy, and their friendship was mutual and abiding.

Wine was drank, and all the affairs of the day which presented the least interest were discussed, and then there came a lull in the conversation. Dinner was eaten, and the lamps were brought in, and then Tiverton opened the especial business which had brought him down from Hampshire.

"Sir William," he said, shoving his glass one side, and drawing his chair closer up, "you have a girl—a ward—living with you?"

"Yes," returned the baronet, turning around and elevating his eyebrows. "Yes."

"And who is she?"

"Egad, my Lord Tiverton, what'll my lady of Winchester say if—"

"No more of that, Sir William," interrupted the earl, with a laugh. "Just answer my questions, and you shall know what I want."

"Now who is this girl?"

"Well, her father was the Earl of Ixworth. You remember it was a title made on purpose for him in consideration of his services on the Peninsula. The title died when he died, but

the revenue of ten thousand a year comes to the girl."

"That's good," said Tiverton, with an air of appreciation. "That's decidedly good. Now how old is the girl?"

"Just eighteen, I believe—perhaps a few months over."

"And that's good," continued the earl, with evident satisfaction. "And is the girl good-looking?"

"And her disposition?"

"Well, as for that, every man must be his own judge. I call her a fair-looking girl."

"And her disposition?"

"So-so," replied Sir William, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Most of the time she is pretty good-natured. But she ain't ugly—not a bit of it—only sometimes she seems to be a little sulky like. It is natural, you know, to some. But on the whole I call Belinda Warner a good sort of a girl."

"Ah, Belinda, her name is?"

"Yes, and let me tell you that I've seen girls a good deal worse than she is."

"Now, one question more: Have you any particular plans laid out with regard to her future life?"

"Why—as for that—I should say, not exactly. I did mean that she should marry with my son Tom; but Tom is a graceless dog—he won't do it."

"Then you would like to have her for a daughter-in-law still?"

"What!" exclaimed the earl, starting to his feet and bringing the clenched fist of the right hand into the palm of the left with an expressive movement. "Do you think my son would dare to disobey me? By heavens, let him try it! I'd dishonor the dog as quickly as I'd tread on a spider. I'd turn him out upon the world to beg his bread. And that's I would—by the powers, I would! He disobey his father? He knows better—ah—the dog knows better."

Tiverton sank down into his chair, and when he saw the smile upon Sir William's face, he wondered if he hadn't been making himself slightly ridiculous.

"Excuse me," he added, while the passion marks left his face. "Excuse me, my old friend; but this idea of my son's disobeying my orders rather touched me. But never fear on that account. Just say that I may have her, and I'll answer for the rest. She shall be a wife in less than a twelvemonth."

"You shall have her," replied the baronet, "and I shall be glad to see the girl so well settled. I don't know of another family in the kingdom I'd rather see her united with."

"So, that's settled," said the earl; and as he spoke he poured out a glass of wine, and then pushed the bottle over to the baronet. "And now," he added, after he had drank the sparkling juice, "there is one more thing I want you to do. You must open the subject to the girl, and tell her to treat Albion as well as she can

and boy, and then they had been most joyful companions, and Thomas promised himself much pleasure in the society of the youth now. All the forenoon he watched, and just as he was about giving up with hunger and fatigue, he discovered a white sail coming under the heights of Alborough. He hastened down to the little bay where one of his father's boats was in readiness, and having got the boatmen seated at their oars he put off. Yet he had some time longer to wait, for it was full half an hour before the transport came up and hove-to; but when she did so, Thomas was quickly at the gangway, and as soon as his boat's painter was secured he stepped forward and seized his friend by the hand. "But come—my boat is alongside, and we'll be off."

As soon as young Tiverton had returned the salutation, he turned to the commander of the transport and informed him that a boat was alongside for him. Accordingly the midshipman's luggage was soon on deck, and with the assistance of four stout men it was lowered into the boat. Albion exchanged warm farewells with the officers of the vessel, and then he followed Tom to the boat. The painter was cast off, the boat's head shoved around, and soon afterwards the transport filled away and stood on her course again.

Albion Tiverton was, as the reader is already aware, only twenty years of age, but he was a stout, full-built youth, with a vast quantity of bone and sinew. His stature he was about medium height, straight and broad shouldered, with a full, expanded chest, and ample, well-proportioned limbs. His eyes were of a deep, dark blue, full of fire and intelligence, his hair a dark brown, and his features perfectly regular and symmetrical. His face was somewhat bronzed by long exposure to sunshine and storm, but that did not detract from his real manly beauty.

There was much contrast between the two friends. Thomas Brentford had none of Albion's sunny smiles and sparkling humor, nor did his face show any of that depth of soul which beamed forth from the countenance of the other. Of course young Brentford smiled, and he laughed much when he enjoyed himself, but his smiles only came from the physical man with sensual pleasure. And Albion Tiverton betrayed none of that haughtiness that generally marked the bearing of Brentford when in contact with inferiors. Yet the two were destined to find much of enjoyment together, for they both loved life for its pleasures, and they both had the will to seize upon pleasure wherever they could find it.

But Thomas Brentford was not low or immoral in his mind or habits, but, on the contrary, he had a nice sense of honor, and he would have scorned to do a mean or degraded thing.

"I say, Tom," uttered the midshipman, when the boat was about half way ashore, "where's the governor?"

"You mean your father?"

"Of course."

"He's at the hall."

"So I feared. Why couldn't he clear out before I came?"

"But you ain't afraid of him?" suggested Brentford.

"O, no. He's one of the best fathers in the world. Only I shall be sure to get a regular lecture now, and I'd rather kiss the boatswain's daughter any time."

"Ain't he footstool's daughter?" queried Tom.

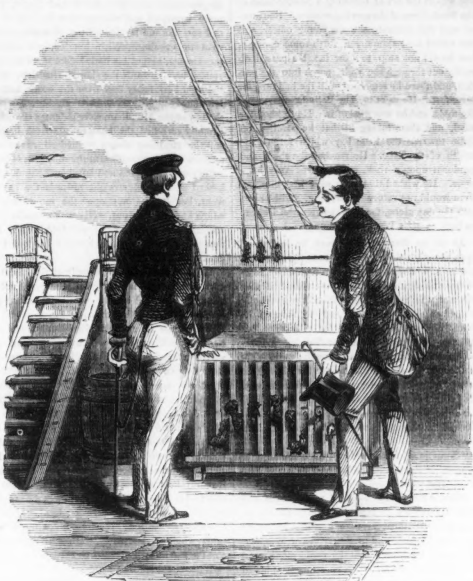
"Yes. Don't you know what that means?"

"Upon my soul I don't."

"Well, I'll tell you. You see when a midshipman goes to get very strong on the wrong tack he sometimes gets a taste of the cat, or a rope's end, and to facilitate that delectable operation, Mr. Middy is lashed to the breech of a gun. He has to bend over and hug the gun with both arms—and that is called kissing the boatswain's daughter! But I never saw it done. They don't try it much now. But about the governor: He'll just be sure to give me my orders in regular sequence. But never mind—we're in for fun, and I'm mistaken if we don't have it, eh?"

"Of course we will," cried Tom, and thereupon they both joined in a shout of merriment, which ended by Albion's singing a song about one King William of England, who was once in the royal navy, and by the time he had finished the second verse, Tom took up the chorus!

"Then merriment pass along the group—  
We'll drink enough to sail a boat;  
And as we drink we'll sing a song,  
Long life to him, the sailor king!"



MEETING BETWEEN BRENTFORD AND TIVERTON.—SEE CHAP. I.

"Yes; but it's past all hope. Tom went marry, and I don't think she will have him. The truth is, my Tom is a proud fellow—perhaps a little too proud—and the girl is about as proud as he is; so you see they don't gibe."

"Now," resumed Tiverton, after a few moments' silence, "I'll tell you my business. You know my son—Albion, his name is—is in the navy. He is a most excellent officer, and has already received the highest encomiums from his superiors. He is now a passed midshipman, and his commission for a lieutenant is already made out and signed by the admiral. But the truth is, the young dog is too wild, and I'm determined to marry him to somebody. He's got some queer notions, and 'till take considerable of a girl to suit him, but if you say you'll give your ward up, he shall marry her at any rate. Now what say you?"

"Of course I will, with all my heart. To be sure, I'll make a hole in my family, and I shall miss Belinda a good deal. But you shall have her, my lord—that is—provided your son will take her for a wife."

"If he'll take her," repeated the earl, with marked emphasis. "By the dome of St. Paul's," he added, bringing his fist down upon the table, "if I say so, the matter is settled. He will do as I bid him."

"Then you can do more with your son than I can do with mine," remarked Sir William.

He is a sensitive fellow, full of heart and soul, and anything like coldness or bad-heartedness on her part would turn him in an instant. Tell her all this, and beg of her to use all her efforts to secure his love and esteem. The dog shall be married—for he'll never get his commission until he does—and it'll be a blessing on his head, though he may not think so now. Ten thousand a year, and of a good family—By the powers, he can't find anything better in the whole kingdom, I know he can't."

"But when will Albion be here?" asked the baronet.

"O, yes—upon my soul I liked to have forgot that. His ship is at Sheerness, and he has a leave of absence for three months. There is a transport coming round to Yarmouth with a mess of provisions, and he takes passage in her. Very likely she'll be off here sometime tomorrow."

The baronet gave his consent, and so the plan was settled. A noble-hearted, wild young midshipman was to be forced into wedlock at all events and costs.

We shall see.

### CHAPTER II.

#### THE FIRST IMPRESSION.

On the following morning Thomas Brentford was early on the watch for the transport. He was some five years older than Albion Tiverton, but he had known the young midshipman when

By the time the boat reached the shore the oarsmen, who were all in the employ of the baronet, had made up their minds that the young midshipman was a capital fellow, and they conceived a strong attachment for him forthwith. There was something in his very face that made them love him, and when he slapped them on the shoulder and bade them join in the chorus of his song, they inwardly swore that while they lived he should never want for a friend. That was the way the youth often made first impressions.

It was near the middle of the afternoon when Albion reached Linden Hall, and he was soon introduced to its inmates. The old baronet was glad to see him, and so was his father; and the face of Belinda wore an extra wreath of smiles as she held out her hand for the handsome young officer to shake. Sir William had been instructing her, and she had promised to do the best she could. And her duty did not likely to be a very hard one, for she liked the youth the moment she looked upon him.

Lord Tiverton held a long consultation with the baronet upon the subject of informing Albion of his intentions, and it was finally concluded that the young man should not at present know why he was to remain at Linden Hall. Perhaps, if he were told of what his fate was to be, he might at once, in a spirit of rebellion, conceive a dislike for the girl, and that would not answer. So Albion was to remain in ignorance of his father's intentions for one month, and during that time he was to be thrown into Belinda's company as much as possible, and she was to make herself as agreeable as could be.

Lord Tiverton saw Belinda alone, and he found that she was deeply smitten with the beauty and wit of his son. This flattered the earl not a little, and it moreover made the maiden more comely in his eyes. In fact, he was convinced that Belinda Warner would make his boy a most excellent wife, besides having the faculty of holding his wild passions in check.

On the next day Tiverton took his leave, promising to call again in one month. Albion bade him good-by with a full heart, and promised to behave himself as he ought. He did love his father, and tears stood in his eyes when he saw the old family carriage roll off. But the stout earl did not know the whole heart of his boy.

Now the two young men were left for a while to themselves, and they enjoyed their sports with zest, and for several days they were left to hunt and fish, and to ride and walk, as they pleased. Thus a week passed away, and at the end of that time Sir William remembered that he had business at Ipswich, and Thomas must accompany him. To this arrangement all manner of objections were made, but the baronet overruled them all. Then Tom was determined that Albion should accompany them, but to this the old man objected. He would not have Belinda left alone. Master Tom expressed some very hard words concerning business and Belinda, but to Ipswich he went with his father, and young Tiverton was left to take care of Belinda, the baronet only meaning to be gone one night.

The young officer did not feel very much at home in Miss Warner's company, for he had seen enough of her to know that her conversation and habits were not at all congenial with his own; yet he resolved to make himself as agreeable as possible on the present occasion, and as soon as they were seated in the drawing-room for the evening he commenced to remark on the difference between life on shore and life on the ocean. He listened very attentively, but only replied in monosyllables. Next he tried to get some conversation from her by asking questions, but he did not succeed at all. One thing he did not fail to notice, and that was, that she looked upon him with a very modest, retiring expression, and that all she said was lisped out with a sort of school-girl timidity, which was not at all in accordance with the expression which Dame Nature had written upon her face. He saw very plainly that this was all affected, and it disgusted him.

Belinda did at length talk some, but what she said was only a mass of meaningless twaddle which had neither sense nor thought. She arose once to move the curtains, and when she sat down again she took a seat nearer to the young man than was the one she had before occupied. There was something in her tone and manner which Albion could not fathom. She seemed to lean towards him with a strange sort of interest, and yet the light of her countenance betrayed nothing as childish affection.

At length, after all other subjects were exhausted, the young man happened to think of something he had seen, and he seized upon it as a subject for question.

"Ah, Miss Warner," said he, trying to look animated, "I saw you speaking with a young lady last evening in the park. Who was she?"

"O," returned Belinda, answering more quickly than she had before done, "that was only a poor fisher-girl who sometimes comes up here to the hall with fish. I was not conversing with her, sir—only answering a question. I would not refuse to answer a simple question, even to one so low as she."

"Then she is low, is she?"

"Very low," answered Belinda, with an expression of pity mingled with disgust. "Very low."

"Ah, I am sorry to see a young female fallen so early in life."

"Fallen!" repeated Belinda.

"You said she was very low."

"O, yes, certainly; and she was always was. She has not fallen, that I know of, but her occupation and station in society—they are low."

"Then the girl is virtuous and honest?"

"I suppose so. I don't know anything to the contrary. Indeed I hope so, for I could not wish harm even to one so low as she is."

For some moments Albion did not speak. There were two strong emotions at work in his bosom. First, he was gratified to find that the poor girl was not what he had at first been led to fear; and second, he had discovered a new feature in his companion's character, and it made him feel unpleasantly, to say the least.

"I noticed the girl," he at length said, "and I thought her appearance was very neat and becoming. Does she live with her parents?"

"She lives with her mother—she has no father."

"And she is a fisher-girl, you say?"

"Yes, she catches fish in the river. She has permission from Sir William—and I have no doubt that she takes quite a number. I think I have heard that she supports her mother."

"Do you know her name?"

"Alice Woodley, I think. I have been so told. I never asked her, for I make no conversation with such persons—I don't think it safe."

Once I suffered some familiarity on the part of a low-born girl, and afterwards she even bowed to me in the street while I was in company with several ladies of my acquaintance. It was very annoying. I assure you."

"It must have been," uttered Albion, with ill-concealed contempt.

"O, it must surely was," added Belinda, totally unable to see the hint contained in the young man's tone and manner.

The conversation continued for some time longer, and when young Tiverton retired for the night he had seen pretty clearly through Miss Warner's character; and he had done this more clearly from the fact that he had not permitted any such plan. She had opened her natural disposition, and it was a most unpleasant one to him. Upon his noble, generous heart her smallness of human feeling struck most chillingly.

Naturally of an open and frank disposition, and with all his father's manhood added to his mother's kindness of heart, his life upon the wild ocean had served to develop more fully the real character of his nature. He had never learned how to dissemble or affect, and it made him feel disagreeable to see others do so. He had seen enough of ocean life, among the stout hearts of British seamen, to show him that the brightest soul-gems often dwell beneath the roughest exteriors. So he never looked upon the other person for the thing he was to love or dislike.

Then, again, he had learned to read character easily, and he had read the character of Belinda Warner most truly.

Before he went to sleep he blessed his father that he was not destined to become fixed to such a companion for life, and while he was indulging in pity for the unfortunate man who should choose to get her for a wife, he fell asleep.

### CHAPTER III.

#### AN ADVENTURE, WITH A CALAMITY.

On the following morning Albion met Belinda in the breakfast-room, and he caught her just as she was in the act of throwing a pewter basin at the head of one of the serving-women. She turned very red when she saw the young officer, and she would have stammered forth some apology, but he did not stop to hear it. He passed directly out through the wide porch into the garden, and there he remained until the bell rang for breakfast. He went in, but Belinda was not at the table, and he was glad of it. He finished the meal, and then taking his hat he strolled off alone towards the little bay which formed the mouth of the river. He reached the shore and sat down upon a rock, and he was very lonely. He wished that Tom were with him, but Tom would not return till evening, and he must pass the day alone, for he was determined not to go back to Miss Warner's company.

As he sat there upon the rock he looked off upon the other side of the bay, near the sea coast, and he saw a small cot, surrounded by rose-bushes and shrubbery, and he wondered if that was the home of the Widow Woodley lived. It seemed a charming spot, and he thought he should like to find an excuse for visiting it, but he knew them not, and as for framing a falsehood for the purpose, he had no such desire. Yet he thought he should like to see the girl whom he had once seen in conversation with Belinda. He had never seen her face, but he knew that her form was exquisite—and then he knew that she had native grace, too, for he had seen it in her movements.

"Sometimes I shall see her," he murmured to himself. "She comes to the hall with fish, and—

But what is she to me? Pahaw!"

Then Albion's eye chanced to fall upon one of Sir William's pleasure-boats, and on the instant he determined to take a sail. The boat was sleek and rapid, and a pretty heavy crew, but the young man knew that he could manage it, and without more reflection he sprang on board a small dory that lay upon the sand and soon paddled out to the lagoon. He made the dory's painter fast to the same buoy which the larger craft was made fast, and then got on board the cutter. It was but short work for him to cast loose the sails and let go the bow-raft, and in a few moments more the sloop was standing out to sea with both sheets hauled close home, for the wind came from the northward and eastward, and was quite fresh, but none too fresh to suit the taste of the adventurer.

Albion found that his boat was an excellent sailer, and that she had also been used for small parties, for there were some tons of ballast beneath her floor, consisting of single-ply and bags of pig-iron. She answered the least change in the helm quickly, and laid up to the wind like a spunk. On he went, with the spray leaping off like snow to the leeward, and while he thus sailed he could not help thinking if Miss Warner missed him. And he laughed outright as the idea presented itself.

At length he went about and stood upon the opposite tack, and thus he stood on until he was very near to the cot where he supposed Alice Woodley lived. He saw a female form at the door of the cot, but he was sure it was not the one he had seen before. Soon, however, there came another form in sight from towards the river. That was Alice, surely. Yes, the same light, buoyant step, the same graceful movement, and the same sylph-like form. But the youth found that he was running dangerously near the shore, and he put about again, and when he next looked about the maiden was gone. He saw a light skiff upon the beach in front of the cot,

and he wondered if it belonged to Alice. Then he said "pshaw" again as the thought came to him of the foolishness he was making himself in thus thinking of a perfect stranger, whose face, even, he had never seen.

On stood the noble boat, and with a feeling of old friendship did the youth snuff up the fresh air. And as he sailed, and steered his craft just which way suited him best, he began to imagine himself the commander of a ship; and he saw officers bowing to him, and half a thousand men awaiting his command. Then he commanded a fleet, and his broad pendant floated proudly from the mast-head.

Albion Tiverton forgot the past, and his soul was stretching away into the future. He was a man now—forgot the wild pranks of the boy, and the mad schemes of the impulsive youth. He saw long years of manhood in the track he had passed over, and he felt himself respected and honored for the glories he had gathered to himself. The youth had more ambition than his father gave him credit for, and his ambition was noble, too. In his soul he was determined that if gray hairs ever covered his head they should be honored ones. He often thought of this.

Thus the youth sailed on in his day-dream, heedless not that the hour of high noon had passed. The boat was fast and sweet, and the sky was clear as the brow of an angel. His face was turned toward the broad bosom of the German ocean, and nothing ahead broke upon his vision to disturb his reverie—far he only saw the dim line of ethereal blue where the heavens rested upon the bosom of the sea, and only the spirit of the Eternal One was with him or about him.

On he flew, and his day-dream changed. He held the helm as a firm grasp, and he caught each coming sea and lifted clear of it—and yet he dreamed. Now he saw that fairy form that had flitted twice before his sight, and imagination painted an angel face and placed it with that form. He saw her plainly, and he saw her smile. His eye rested upon a snow-crowned billow that came majestically towards him, and this same imagination placed his angel upon the forehead of that billow. He saw her smile, and half-stretched out his arm to embrace her. While thus he gazed, and while thus his arm was stretched forth, the billow came. It struck the stout boat, and in a moment more its cold flood had swept the deck—and the dreamer started up and awoke. He shook the water from his dress, and then he began to think of things that had a dwelling about him. He turned his eyes back toward the shore, and he saw, and clear away in the distance he could just distinguish the dim line where the shore came down to the sea.

Albion Tiverton uttered an exclamation of surprise as he saw how far he had sailed, and more surprised still was he when he looked up and saw the sun far down from his zenith on the road to evening. With hurried, yet careful movements, he put his back before the wind, and started back towards the shore he had left, and the light bark fairly flew over the water, and ere long our youthful adventurer could see where the bay of the Mundian river indented the coast. Proudly came the boat to the fresh breeze, and the straining sheets seemed all nerve and muscle. Albion laughed at the rolling seas as he swiftly overtook the boat and left the shore behind. He looked ahead, and straight towards the bay he went, but he was not upon the same track by which he had gone out. His several tracks had crooked his course while outward-bound, but now he sailed in a direct line for his point of departure.

He looked ahead, and already could he detect even the rocks that lay upon the shore, and to the right he could see the small cot among the rosebushes and sweet thorns. He thought he saw a female form upon the doorstep of the humble dwelling. It was a female, and she was the maiden, for the matron could not have moved so fast, and she was not alone. Our hero looked about upon the broad expanse of water, for he expected to see some other boat to which this signal was made, but none was in sight. He alone dwelt there upon the waters of the coast. Could it be that she was warning this signal to him? He looked again, and still was the maiden swinging the kerchief above her head. He saw her plainly, her form, loose hair floating wildly in the wind, her feet fairly washed by the waves, and the signal still gave the breeze.

What could it mean?

Once more Albion looked towards the bay, and as his eye spanned the distance he detected a spot directly ahead where the waves rolled unevenly and were broken. The boat was flying on like a frightened dolphin, and the strangely marked place was directly under the bows.

Albion started to his feet and uttered a cry of horror. With all his might he pushed his helm down, but 'twas too late. The sunken rocks which he knew not of were in waiting, and while he yet stood up and urged his helm down the boat struck. There was a stunning crash, and the youth was thrown forward upon the deck. Then there came a tremendous motion, and directly the stricken bark sank over her bows, and Albion Tiverton felt the cold flood swallowing him up. The blow of falling had not hurt him, and the moment he found himself in the water he put forth all his strength and arose to the surface. The boat still remained fixed upon the rocks, but he had been washed some distance to the leeward. His first impulse was to swim back to the boat, but this he found impossible, for the waves were so high, and the current in the setting-sea he could make no headway. As soon as he was fully assured that he could not swim back to the boat, he cast his eyes quickly about him to see if anything had floated off upon which he could grasp for assistance. Within reach he saw a board—it was one of the light carter-thwarts—and he seized it, and it helped to bear him up.

The youth cast his more longing look upon the capsized boat, but he knew that he could not reach it, and then, with a fervent prayer upon his lips, he struck out for the distant shore.

It was distant—a long, dismal distance—but the swimmer prayed that he might reach it. The board was some assistance, but only a very little—he had to exert all his strength to rise above the surface as wave after wave was knocked out under him. Once he looked towards the cot where he had seen the maiden, but he could see her no more. But he knew now, though, why she had waved her signal.

At length the youth's strength began to fail him. He cast his weakening gaze upon the shore, and it was yet a long, long way off. His limbs were becoming numb, and his strokes grew weaker and more weak. Still he struck wildly out, and held the frail board beneath him. Once more he looked for the shore, but he could not see it. He could only see a dim, cold, chaotic space about him, and he could hear the rushing of the waters over his head. His limbs still had motion, and still he raised his head above the flood.

Once Albion leaped wildly up with the last effort of his departing strength, and the board slid from under him—and then he began to sink. He knew that the ocean grave was opening beneath him, but he had no power to escape it. All his energies were gone—all, all. He felt the board strike him upon the shoulder, and it pained him—and then some fragments of the splintered plank angled in his hair, and it kept him from sinking. At least, such were the thoughts that ran through his bewildered mind. He was conscious of pain about the head, as though some mighty power were tearing his hair out by the roots. There was a struggle—a slipping of something about his shoulders that felt like the cold folds of a snake, and the youth had sense enough to feel that some dwellers of the great deep were closing upon him to devour him. The thought sent a thrill through his frame, and with one last effort he put forth both his hands and closed them upon something firm and hard. Then he strained every fainting nerve, and he leaped high up from the monster his imagination had painted. He felt the folds gathering more firmly about him, and then, as the last spark of vital energy died he folded his arms to sink. But he sank not far. The rushing of the waters in his ears was gone, and he felt a freezing chill in every nerve. He opened his eyes, and a blinding sensation followed—he could see nothing but a blaze of red, glaring light that darted painfully to his brain—and when he closed them again the night of utter unconsciousness had gathered about him.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### HOW A FATHER'S PLANS ARE PROGRESSING.

ALBION TIVERTON opened his eyes, and the broad light of day shone upon him. He felt but little pain—only a parched sensation about the mouth, and a numbness of his limbs. The memory of a frightful dream came over him, and he closed his eyes to think. He remembered that he had taken a boat and sailed out upon the sea, and he remembered how far he had gone. Then came the memory of the signal from the shore, and of the sunken rocks. Then he recollected of being thrown into the water, and of the life struggles that followed. He remembered the last effort of his strength, and the monster that had seized upon him to devour him. This was the last. A moment his mind dwelt upon the terrible recollection, and then, with a wild cry, he leaped up and gazed fearfully about him.

"Hallo! Al, my dear boy. Alive and safe! God be thanked!"

The youth started further up, and his gaze fell upon Thomas Brentford, who sat by his side, but who in a moment more sprang up and took him by the hand.

"O, Albion, what an escape you have had," continued Tom, as he gazed earnestly into our hero's face.

The young midshipman gazed about him, and his mind was clear and strong. He found himself now sitting upon a bed, the snow-white coverlet of which had been drawn closely over him, and he was in a small room, neatly, but plainly furnished. At the windows he saw honey-suckle creepers up over light trellises, and roses clustering thickly about them. Beyond he could see the blue ocean stretching away into the viewless distance.

"Tom," he said, stretching forth his hand and resting it upon his friend's shoulder, "how long have you been here?"

"All night, Al, all night."

"But where am I?"

"Safe—safe. You are in Dame Woodley's cottage."

"Dame Woodley?" murmured Albion, half-closing his eyes, and suffering his mind to run back a short distance into the past. "Yes—yes—I know. And how long have I been here?"

"Since last night. O, Al, you have no thought of how frightened we were. We came home just at sundown last night and found you gone. Some of the servants said you went down towards the bay, and down there I hastened after you. I saw that your sloop was gone, and I looked out to sea, and there I saw the boat, hard and fast, capped upon the Imp's Rocks. The sails were blowing in the wind, and the sea was breaking over the hull. My heavens, for a while I was almost crazy. I knew not what to do. At first I started back towards the hall after assistance; then I turned to the shore again and determined to swim out to the dory and get another boat that lay at anchor in the bay. But while I was beginning to strip I heard some one call out to me from the opposite side of the bay, and I saw Dame Woodley. She told me you were at her house. Perhaps she didn't move in a hurry. I came here and found you on this bed, but you were insensible. A doctor had already been called, and he said there was no danger. You were not hurt—only there were utterly exhausted. Then I sent word home all about what I had found. My father came over, and after he had seen that you were well provided for he went back. Then I saw you, and I have been ever since. It is now near ten o'clock in the forenoon. Now tell me how you feel?"

Albion instinctively stretched out his arms,

and drew up his legs, and after he had made the trial he said—

"I am pretty strong—pretty strong. But tell me—"

He hesitated, for he had not fully framed the question he would ask, and before he could collect his thoughts upon the subject that struggled up to his mind, Tom interrupted him.

"Now you just lie down again and catch a bit more rest, and I will hurry home and get the carriage. I wouldn't attempt to get up now, for you may not be so strong as you think for, and when I come, I will bring you dry clothes and clean. The clothes you had on last night are dry, but they ain't fit to put on. Lay quiet, now, and when I come back I'll tell you all about it. You will, won't you?"

"I'll try to," returned Albion, his mind still wandering off upon the subject that had taken possession of his thoughts.

"O, you must, for I must go, and I won't certainly leave you unless you promise to remain quiet. My father is most anxious, and he would be here now, only his good prevents him. And then there is Belinda—she would have fainted last night if she had known how. Poor, dear thing! How she did scream and tear her hair. It was as good as a play at the theatre. But forgive me—I mustn't make sport of such a thing. Now you'll be quiet, Al?"

And with this assurance young Brentford started off after the carriage. After he was gone Albion lay back upon his pillow and thought of the dreadful scene that had passed—and he wondered what miracle had saved him. For a long while he pondered upon the subject in all its bearings, and still he was bewildered and at fault, for, let him think of what part he would, the memory of the signal upon the seashore would keep itself foremost in his mind.

At length our hero felt the parching sensation coming back to his lips, and he looked about for drink. He saw a pitcher standing upon a table near him, and he reached forth and took it up, but there was nothing in it. By the side of the pitcher stood a bell, and this the youth rang. Shortly afterwards he heard a light, almost imperceptible footstep at the door, but no one entered. He listened, and he thought he could hear a brushing against the door, accompanied by a low, deep breathing, as though some one were anxiously listening there.

"Let me have drink, some one," cried Albion, feeling sure that his request would be heard.

The light footstep was heard again, but this time it moved more quickly, and receded from the door. Not many minutes had elapsed, however, before the door was opened, and a female form entered.

"My mother is out, sir, or she would have answered your first call; but I have taken the liberty to bring you both water and wine, and I trust your own judgment will tell you which will be the safer for you."

So spoke the person who had entered, and the words fell upon the listener's ears like the notes of a sweetly warbling bird, save that they were tremulous with evident timidity, and bore an air of plainness. Albion looked up, and he saw the maiden of his day-dream. He did not start, nor did he seem surprised. In fact there was at present no manifest emotion upon his manner or his features. He gazed upon the face that dwelt before him, and the result was in his soul. There stood the same fairy-form, full of health and vigor, and her face was turned full upon him. He saw the long curls of sunny-brown hair, as they swept down over a pair of shoulders that might vie with the sculptor's marble—he saw the open, smooth brow, with its load of intellectual wealth—he saw her dark, large, lustrous, blue eyes, with depths like the bosom of a crystal lake, and he saw her whole face, with its more than matchless beauty and loveliness. Over the whole countenance dwelt a halo of sweet, purifying truth, and in every feature struggled forth the great soul that was made for sympathy and virtue. The youth had dreamed of beauty, but never had such perfect purity visited his imagination.

"Dare you taste the wine?" she asked, as she set the things down upon the table.

"Yes, yes," Albion uttered. He saw that his ardent gaze had made the maiden timid, and he had the good sense to withdraw it. But he had seen enough, for he had transferred the image to his memory.

She filled a glass partly full of wine, and having poured in some water, she handed it to him. He drank it and asked for more.

"Be not afraid," he said, as he noticed that the girl hesitated. "I am only benumbed and thirsty. Let me have another draught like that."

The girl hesitated no longer, but having poured out the beverage she passed it over, and as soon as the youth had drunk it she said:

"I will leave these things where you can easily reach them, and if course you will be careful." She spoke thus, and would have then turned from the apartment, but Albion quickly called her back.

"You are not very busy?" he said, gazing once more earnestly upon her.

"No, sir," she timidly replied, stopping near the door and turning.

"Then sit down here by my side, and tell me what has happened."

"Master Thomas will tell you all, sir," said the maiden, trembling.

"But I cannot wait. I am racked with curiosity to know. Did I not see you upon the beach yesterday, waving a signal to me?"

"Yes, sir."

"And your name is Alice Woodley?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then come. Sit down and tell me about my coming here, for surely you must know. Do you not?"

"Yes, sir," she whispered, while she trembled more than before.

"Then tell me of it?"

But Alice stood still by the door, and her looks plainly showed that she would rather not be questioned further. As the youth gazed upon her, suddenly there came a cloud upon his face, and in a deep, pained tone, he said:



"Alice Woodley, answer me one question: Dwell in your mind one single thought: Could I ever harm you? That I could breathe a breath, or imagine a desire, that could bring the purity of your soul, or jar the peace of your being?"

"O, no, no, sir," quickly and energetically answered the fair girl, while her deep blue eyes beamed more brightly, and a richer tone mantled her cheeks.

"Then I pray you come and sit here by my side. Come."

The maiden moved toward the couch, and with strangely varying features she sat down. Albion was silent for some moments after the fair being had seated herself, but at length he spoke:

"You waved the signal to me," he said, "and it was to warn me of the danger that lay before me."

"Yes," returned Alice, shuddering with the recollection of the scene. "I knew you were running directly for the Imp's Rocks, and that if your boat struck them she would surely be wrecked. I saw you first from the window—this very window, here—when you ran out, and down to the beach, but I could not make you understand. I saw you when you struck."

"Yes, yes," whispered Albion. "I saw you there only a moment before, but how was I saved?"

"Master Thomas will tell you, sir. He knows all about it."

"And how did he learn?" asked the youth, going gently into his companion's face. "Tell me how he knows it?"

But the maiden's eyes fell, and she was silent.

"Did not you tell him?"

"Yes."

"Then tell me. You shall not be judged quickly. I will not refuse me."

Alice Woodley looked into the youth's face, and after she had overcome the tremulous emotion that seemed almost to tie her tongue, she said:

"When I saw your boat strike the rocks, I was at first almost paralyzed, but the thought of your danger quickly called me to myself, and without waiting to call for assistance, or to inform my mother where I was going, I ran to my own light which lay upon the beach, and shored it off, and then with all my might I started to row out to the rocks. When first I looked, after I had put off, I saw that you had struck out for the shore, and from the manner in which you handled your arms, I judged that you had some support. The terror of your situation lent me unexpected strength, and my light boat sped rapidly over the waves. Before I reached you, I saw plainly that your strength was failing, and once I was sure that you had sunk. But you came up again, and in a moment more the bow of my skiff grazed your shoulders. I dropped my oars and sprang forward just in time to seize you by the hair of your head as you were sinking again. I was able to lift your head above water, but with all my strength I could not raise you up. I think I was nearly fainting then. But your presence of mind did not wholly leave me. An unseen power was with me, and a voice seemed whispering in my ear—'His life is thine!'"

"But what all this?" the maiden asked, suddenly stopping in her narrative.

"Nothing, nothing," uttered Albion, starting.

"I was only remembering the terrible sensations that thrilled through my soul at the moment of which you then spoke."

Albion there was another thought mingled with that—and it was of his day-dream—it was of the form that came out upon the foam-crest of the wave. But he spoke not of it.

"Go on," he continued, sinking back once more.

"At that moment," resumed Alice, "I noticed the painter of my skiff, which lay coiled up at my feet, and while I held your hair with one hand, with the other I slipped a bite of the painter down over your shoulders until it caught beneath your arms. This gave me a better hold upon you, and just as I was considering what means I should next adopt, you threw both your hands suddenly up and caught the bows of my boat with a death-like grasp, and I felt that you were trying with all your might to raise yourself. The opportunity did not escape me. I lifted with the whole of my strength, and your form came up so that your breast rested upon the gunwale. Then I saw that your energy was gone, for you would have sunk wholly back had I not caught a turn of the painter about the forward thwart. There you lay, and after a while I managed to get you on board. I never could have got you over the side without upsetting the boat, but you came in over the bows, and came in safely. As soon as you were placed as well as I could place you, I bailed out the water which had come in, and then resumed my oars. It was sometime before I could do more than to keep my skiff's head toward the shore; but at length my strength came back to me, and I reached our beach without further trouble. My mother helped me bring you here, and here my mother cared for you and nursed you. She is a good woman, sir."

The maiden bowed her head as she closed, and in a moment more she felt a hand upon her arm. It was a gentle pressure, and she raised her eyes to the youth's face. Tears were rolling down his cheeks, and he drew the maiden nearer to him. He drew her face down to his own, and he imprinted a warm kiss upon her burning cheek—and then he murmured:

"God bless you—bless you forever!"

It was all he could say. That movement, and those words, were the result of noble, generous impulse, and the spirit that gave them birth seemed to pervade also the bosom of the youth, for he did not start when she felt the kiss upon his cheek, nor did he speak when she heard the blessing that was breathed for her. She only bowed her head upon the pillow, by the side of the man she had saved, and tears she could not keep back flowed forth, in sweet, pure drops.

It was a season when the heart beats with strange emotions, and when the song of the soul is of a joy that swallows up gratitude in a flood of heavenly blessing.

There came the sound of carriage wheels upon the cars of those two youthful life-pilgrims, and Alice started up and would have left the room without speaking, but Albion started to his elbow and detained her.

"One moment," he said.

She stepped and looked into his face. She did not utter a word, but she seemed to dwell anxiously upon the yet unspoken words.

"Pardon me," he said, taking her hand, and gazing fondly into her sweet face, "pardon me, for I am almost wild now. You know little of the heart you have touched with your heavenly wand. We shall meet again. You shall study my soul, and know its every thought and feeling. You shall know me better. One word—speak to me one word: 'If you love all your own?'"

"When I came beneath this roof did your soul give home to an image more fondly than your mother's? Speak—fear not."

"No, no," the maiden murmured, dropping her eyes to the floor.

"Then I shall come again."

Alice Woodley moved quickly from the apartment, and when quick steps she sought her little chamber. She sank down upon her chair, and then she bent her head forward and rested her brow upon her hands. She felt that kiss burn upon her cheek, but it did not scorch nor pain her. The thrill went to her heart, but there was no torture in it. Again she heard that voice that whispered to her from the waves that beat upon her shore. "His life is thine," and her heart was wildly moved.

Albion Woodley, the wand of the mystic magician of Eros has touched thy heart, and the transformation shall abide while life is thine. No power of earth can undo the work thy soul has accomplished now.

## CHAPTER V.

A DISCUSSION, AND A MYSTERY.

THOMAS BRENTFORD started and turned a shade pale when he saw the tears upon Albion's cheeks.

"What is it, Al?" he asked, starting to the bed and seizing his friend's hand. "You've been weeping. Is it pain?"

"No, no, Tom," returned the youth, raising himself to his elbow. "It is only the thoughts that have been passing through my mind. I tell you I came pretty near my end."

"So you did, Al, so you did. But I wouldn't think of it any more. Come—here are your fresh clothes. I'll help you."

Young Tiverton arose, and after he had taken a few steps upon the floor, he was considerably surprised to find his limbs in perfect working order. He felt strong and well, and nothing save a natural stiffness seemed to be the result of the calamity of the day before.

"Ah," said Tom, as his eyes rested upon the wine which still remained upon the table, "so you've had a visitor?"

"Yes. My lips were fairly parched up, and I rang for drink."

"And who brought it?"

"Alice Woodley, I think she said her name was."

"And it's her you owe your life—did you know it?"

"I was led to judge so, from some words which I coaxed from her," replied Albion, while he bent over to draw on his socks.

"Well, and it is, when we are in the carriage I'll tell you all about it."

Ever long our hero was ready to set out. He had washed and arranged his hair, and in some respects he looked like a new man. Tom called for some one to come and see them off, and soon afterwards Alice came down. All traces of tears were gone from her cheeks, but there was a strange light in her eyes which a close observer might have detected.

"Ah, Miss Woodley," said Brentford, with stiff formality, "you shall be paid for the noble work you have done."

"In Heaven's name, Tom, talk not of pay for such a deed as that," uttered Albion, whispering softly and quickly in his friend's ear.

But Tom took no notice.

"You shall be suitably rewarded," he continued, turning again to Alice, "for your conduct deserves it. We must go now, but you shall not be forgotten."

The young man listened till he heard the maiden murmur some simple answer, and then he passed on, and as soon as his back was turned, Albion caught Alice by the hand and pressed it to his lips.

"God bless you ever," he whispered.

They have saved my life—it is yours if you will. Adieu till we meet again.

Then the youth turned and followed his friend, but before he went he saw Alice smile a sweet, heavenly smile, and in his soul he knew that she was happy. There was something in the light of the smile that dwelt upon her beautiful features that he could not resist.

It was not the faint smile of a melancholy heart, nor was it the ephemeral smile that comes from fleeting pleasure, but it was the quiet, lovely smile that makes record of a joy deep down in the heart, where the soul-treasures are stored away for the use of a lifetime.

Ever long the two friends were seated in the carriage, and the driver had orders to hurry home as fast as possible.

"Upon my soul, Al," said Tom, shortly after they had started on their way, "you didn't seem to be very thankful to Miss Woodley for the good turn she did you."

"Eh—how so, Tom?"

"Why you hardly so much as thanked her."

"And then you even would stop my thanks?"

"Ah, and, yes, you don't understand my feelings half so well as I understand them myself," returned Albion, with an assumed laugh.

returned Albion, with an assumed laugh. "I could thank a person for saving my dog, or gun, or purse; but it is hard to thank one for saving life, even, too, at mortal risk."

"Well, well, I suppose you feel differently from what I do, though I can't tell how I might feel if I was placed in such a situation."

After this the conversation lagged for a few moments, and then Tom resumed:

"Now, Al," said he, "I will tell you all about this affair." And thereupon he went on and related the circumstances just about as Alice had done them, save that he did not speak of her soul-struggles while she had held the drowning man by the hair, for he knew nothing of them. Albion listened most attentively to the recital, and when he concluded, he expressed himself very much astonished at the intrepidity of the heroic girl, and he managed to descant somewhat upon the nobleness of her soul, without betraying the deeper emotions of his heart.

"It's a pity," said young Brentford, after Albion had spoken, "that we couldn't have some such girls as that in our own sphere of society. I declare I am sick and tired of female society. It is nothing but silly, waddling, scandal-mongering, meaningless talk from morning till night. Bah! I'm tired of it."

"Don't be an anchorite, Tom. Now you don't know one half the female world, for even in the upper circles of life there is much real female worth and intelligence. And then among the humbler classes how much of real mental wealth there is!"

"I know it, but then we can't associate with such classes, you know, and so we lose it."

"Can't associate with them?" repeated Albion, elevating his eyebrows. "And why not?"

"Why not?" repeated Tom, also elevating his eyebrows. "Why, what a question. How can we associate with those below us?"

"I would not associate with those who were really below us."

"Ah, so I thought."

"But," added Albion, "I should be my own judge of what sort of characteristics made the gradations of the social scale. Now what think you of Alice Woodley?"

"A noble girl, truly," replied Tom; "but not one with whom you could associate with propriety. My dogs are noble animals, and they would risk their own lives to save mine or yours, at any time; yet you know their social position. Only we must be more guarded in our deportment toward the human species."

This was spoken with a deal of sober earnestness, and Albion seemed for a few moments to be lost in blank surprise; but he could not analyze his friend's character, and after a while his surprise wore off. He knew that Tom was haughty, and proud of noble station; but he knew also that deep down in his bosom there was a mine of real humanity which was to be reached at times. Only that humanity was lumbered upon, and cumbered by the worldly notions which had been stored away a-top of it.

"Tom," said Albion, "I want to ask you one serious question. You know that England is famous for her wealth of mind and science."

"Certainly."

"Now will you tell me where that wealth all comes from?"

Tom thought a few moments, and at length he said, with evident hesitation:

"It comes from the English people."

"So it does," returned Albion. "And let me tell you that the son of the humble wool-dresser shall outlive the mightiest monarch England ever saw. Shakespeare said he remembered when Elizabeth Tudor was forgotten. But tell me again. In our upper circles there are many noble minds—many brilliant, educated, virtuous women. Where did they come from?"

Thomas Brentford did not answer.

"Let me tell you," continued Albion. "They came from the PEOPLE. Wherever you find a noble house that has for generations maintained its so-called purity of blood, by circumscripted marriages, you shall find sons demented and daughters half-foolish and simple. But where you find a noble stock of mind and soul, you may know that a wife and a mother has been taken from the PEOPLE. I speak now what I know."

For some moments Tom was silent, but at length he said:

"I shall not deny what you have advanced, but it weighs not with me. God has placed me in a particular station of life, and I shall maintain it."

"Stop, stop, Tom. Don't say that God placed you in your social position. 'He hath made of one blood all nations of the earth.' He made you but a helpless infant. Circumstances have done the rest."

"Well, well, Al, you may have your way—only let me advise you on one subject. If such are your real sentiments—which I do not believe—then don't see Alice Woodley again, for I am free to confess she is the most perfect female I ever saw."

"To a pity she is not of higher birth."

Albion gazed a moment into his companion's face, and then, while a deeper meaning flitted across his handsome features, he said:

"Tom, will you pardon me if I ask you one simple question?"

"Anything you please."

"I have heard your mother was a most noble woman. Now who was she before your father made her his wife?"

"The daughter of General Lascelle."

"When she was born General Lascelle was a common foot soldier. Is it not so?"

"You are right, Al; but her father nobly earned his title, and his honor descended to his daughter. She was a noble woman, Albion, and she died I tell you one of the best mothers that ever drew breath."

"I know it, Tom—that is if I can believe my own parents, for they knew her well. But now I have one more question. Did General Lascelle ever do anything more exalting than Alice Woodley did yesterday?"

"That is a question, now, and I cannot readily answer. You know he must be governed by the circumstances that surround us, and in our estimate of men and things we must take rules as we find them. Iron is a most valuable metal, and the world could not do without it. In fact, gold could better be spared, and as far as the real, moral worth of the two is concerned, iron has the preference. Yet society has ordained that gold shall pass for a certain value, and both you and I recognize it. You would not give your coffers up as depositories of iron, from the very fact that society has fixed its place in the social scale; and it takes

rank among the rough things of earth, to be valued, certainly, but not to be cherished as we cherish the more useless article of gold. So it is in a great measure with humanity. We could ill afford to lose the hard-fisted humble yeomanry and artisans, for they are absolutely necessary to our very sustenance, but society has fixed their social position, and neither you nor I can alter it."

Albion smiled at the argument of his friend, and in a good-humored tone, he said:

"We won't argue any more, but I will only say I am perfectly willing to recognize the right of society to fix the social scale, as I am to recognize the right of government to fix the value of gold; but when we come down to the sterner realities of life, we are often forced to be governed by absolute necessity as well as by our own judgment. I might like the looks of a case of golden knives, but for my own use I should prefer one of tempered iron—and that same rule I would apply socially. But," continued Albion, changing the tone of his voice to one of sudden interest, "we will say no more on this point at present. Another thing has entered my mind, and it has come to me most strangely since I took my seat in the carriage. It must be that I have seen Alice Woodley before. I know I have. Now can you tell me where?"

Brentford looked up with a shade of surprise upon his features.

"I am sure," he replied, "I cannot tell."

"But I know I have," resumed Albion, with a shake of the head. "I did not think of it while I saw her, but I see it now. Can't you think?"

"No."

"How long has she lived here?"

"Let me see. It is nearly five years, I think, since she came and bought the cottage."

"Do you know where she came from?"

"She has told some of our folks that she came from Northumberland. I never asked her, for I have never seen her but a few times."

"Well, I am sure her countenance is familiar—Alice's, I mean."

Thomas Brentford gazed into the face of his friend, and a smile dwelt upon his features; but gradually that smile faded away, and while a change came over his countenance, he said:

"Upon my soul, Al, the same idea now opens upon me. I never thought of it before, though I have met the girl often. She brings fish up to the hall once or twice a week regularly. But I can't think what it means."

"Can't you study up anything?"

"Not a thing. But, after all, it may only be a flight of fancy."

"No, no," said Albion, who had become strangely impressed with the new idea.

But before he could make any further remark the carriage stopped at the door of Linden Hall.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## IT'S ALWAYS MY LUCK.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

"It's about time to give up trying, and yield to the force of circumstances. The tide of ill luck sets against me harder than ever. Really, brother John, I cannot stem the current much longer."

"What has happened now?"

"You remember the handsome bay I purchased a few weeks since?"

"Yes."

"He had a slight lameness in one of his feet."

"Yes."

"Well, the trouble has been increasing, until the animal is a complete cripple, and quite unfit to ride. I suppose I ought to have expected something of that kind; it's always my luck. You know I can never buy anything without being cheated, or do anything like other people. I was evidently born under a bad star. With some folks, everything works well without any apparent effort on their part. Neighbor Jones bought some railroad stock that paid him eight per cent. right straight along. Well, I went and purchased some stocks, too, and the result is, that I will sell out to-day at twenty-five per cent. Last year Job Smith went into the log business; he raised a large field, and disposed of every pound at a handsome profit. This season I cut some two or three thousand poles, and tried to do a large scale. What is to come of it? Why, of course, he has taken a fine lot, and won't pay the cost of raising. Mr. Thompson got his house insured a few nights before it was destroyed by fire. Ten days after the disaster he got every cent of the insurance. I went and insured with the P. T. W. Company. When my corn barn was burned, containing much value in various kinds of grain, instead of receiving the amount of the insurance, a rumor reached me that the concern had failed, which report was confirmed by the first newspaper that I happened to take up."

"Last spring I planted my potatoes on a hill, and the dry weather parched up the soil and prevented a crop. This season I planted them on a piece of low bottom-land, and the rains washed them out. It's always my luck. You know I have taken a fine lot in this part of the country, and always been marketable. I have usually never tried to grow any except for my own use, but this year I thought I'd try it, and so put in five acres. I was a fool for doing it. A person of my hard experience might have known better. Just as though I could raise corn! Just as though I could do anything successfully! I can't make like other folks, or blow my nose without setting it to bleeding! My corn is scarcely out of the silk; there has been a heavy frost, and it will be hardly decent fodder for the cattle. That's my luck. It's just so with my beans—the frost has got them, too. Something will happen to me next. I shall break my arm, or my leg, or my myself with a piece of machinery. If I was going to die, I'd just as soon die now, or then, or something of that kind. I've no doubt my grave will be full of water when I'm buried. That's my luck—it won't leave me—it'll follow as long

as there's anything left of me. It commenced when I was a baby. I was at school, caught whispering, throwing paper balls, pinching the boys, making very faces at the master, carrying on pantomimic correspondence with the girls, and forever and eternally an eligible candidate for a thrashing. The big boys used to beat me, and the little ones stone me. I never got the medal but once, and then I lost it before I got home, for which I was much vexed the next day by the double-edged master. When I got large enough to go courting, some fellow was sure to get the girl I wanted, or the one I wanted was sure to give me the mitten. I was confoundedly bashful, and was laughed at because I didn't appear natural in company. My work was found fault with. The tailor couldn't fit me in a coat. If I rode out, I got a situation, I was to be found. When I got a situation, I was to be found without having the cramp, or go hunting without being mistaken for a goose, kicked over by the recoil of my gun, bursting it up by overloading, or hurting somebody in some way. It's always my luck."

"You owe your luck all to yourself," said his brother John.

"Certainly; I expected you'd say so; you always do."

"You were ever wanting in foresight," added brother John, mildly. "You never calculated chances, or made provisions for contingencies. When a mere lad, you would undertake a piece of work without knowing what you were doing. You have been a kind of unconscious sleep-walker since the day of your birth. You appear to be dreaming most of the time. You don't reach conclusions by a logical process, but jump and flounder at them, or never reach them at all. So far as cause and effect are concerned, you are profoundly ignorant of both. The philosophy of the processes of Nature appears strange to you. If a shower comes up suddenly, you rather imagine it is going up on purpose to wet your load of hay. If the season is too dry or too hot, it is just the same—all on your account. My man, Nature is as impartial as she can be, and cares no more about you, individually, than she does about a grasshopper. Do you suppose she would stop out of her course to do you a petty piece of spite? Not a bit of it—she works to the good of all. But you appear profoundly ignorant of it. Your conduct is all luck, and in origin in your own organization. You proceed without method, and do not govern yourself by the signs of the times. Before planning how, you should have informed yourself whether the market was surfeited; and as for corn, you put it in too late, and on that part of your farm which is first affected by frost. Perhaps you may remember that I predicted a poor crop while you were planning. But why did I tell you such a prediction? Simply because circumstances warranted it—circumstances that entirely escaped your observation; and in fact all circumstances that affect your luck are unnoticed. Why is it that you do not profit by experience, I am at a loss to understand. When you got insured, you took your policy from a humdrum, rickety rickety company. You were in no way at fault when you bought the bay horse. A slight examination of his foot would have satisfied you that his lameness was incurable; but the animal looked well, the owner told you it was 'all right,' and so a fool and his money were parted."

"That's comforting!" muttered the man of ill luck.

"And the identical state of things prevailed when you bought into the Vermont Central Railroad," continued brother John. "Jones bought stock on the Boston and Worcester, which is always up and pays good dividends. I couldn't help laughing when I heard what you'd been doing. Why, anybody but an unlucky man would know better. You wouldn't have caught your wife doing such a foolish thing. All the women and children in the neighborhood are better posted about railroad stocks than you seem to be. There's no use in talking, though; it's always your luck. Age has now so crept upon you, that I fear it is too late to ontrow your thoughtlessness and want of method. It is to be expected that you will plod on in the old track. You work hard enough with your hands, but it don't do head work enough for a haly. Just make one strong effort, my good friend. It will be up-hill business, but possibly you may come to your senses enough to complain less of your ill fortune."

"That'll do, brother John," said the grumbler, with something like a smile. "I'm in for a blow-up when I mention my troubles. It's always my luck."

And so the brothers parted, one a little more thoughtful than the other was any wiser, or in a more promising way to improve—for he had often heard the same kind of reasoning before. Probably he will continue to be an unmethodical person to the day of his death, and grumbling in the old fashion, say, "It's always my luck!"

## DROMEDARY-RIDING.

I found dromedary riding not at all difficult. One sits on a very lofty seat, with his feet crossed over the animal's shoulders, or resting on his neck. The body is obliged to rock backward and forward, on account of the long swinging gait, and as there is no stay or fulcrum except a blunt pomel, around which the legs are crossed, some little power of equilibrium is necessary.

I found dromedary a strong, stately beast, of a light cream color, and so even in gait that it would bear the Arab's weight, that is, one might drink a cup of coffee while going on a full trot without spilling a drop. I found a great advantage in the use of the Oriental costume. My trousers allowed the legs perfect freedom of motion, and I soon learned so many different modes of crossing those members, that no day was sufficient to exhaust them. The rising and kneeling of the animal is hazardous at first, as his long legs double together like a carpenter's rule, and you are thrown back and forth. The rising and kneeling, and then backwards again, but the trick of it is soon learned. The soreness and fatigue of which many travellers complain, I never felt, and I attribute much of it to the Frank dress. I rode from eight to ten hours a day, and read, and even dreamed in the saddle, and was at night as fresh and unwearied as when I mounted in the morning.—Bayard Taylor.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THERE NEVER WAS.

BY G. R. HOOK.

There never was an earthly dream  
Of beauty and delight,  
That mingled not too soon with clouds,  
As mists with the night;  
That faded not from that fond heart,  
Where once it lived in rest,  
And left that heart more desolate,  
For having lost its way.

There never was a glad bright eye,  
But it was dimmed with tears;  
Caused by such grief as ever dull  
The sunshine of our years.  
We look upon the sweetest flower—  
The withered rose, and grieve;  
We gaze upon a star, to find  
But darkness where it shone.

There never was a noble heart,  
A mind of worth and power,  
That had not in this changing world,  
Pain, misery, for its dower;  
The heart on the bow had hid  
From many a careless eye,  
The secret of the soul within,  
Its light and agony.

There never was a true heart  
On earth a precious spring,  
Whose waters to the fevered lip,  
Unfailing we may bring.  
All changes on this troubled shore,  
Or passeth from the sight;  
O for that world where joy and peace  
Beings as eternal reign.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## MY PASSENGER.

—O R.—

## AN ADVENTURE WITH THE BOURBON PIRATES.

FROM THE LOG-BOOK OF AN OLD SHIP-MASTER.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

My ship cleared from Liverpool, and I was bound for the Indies. In the cabin I had some dozen passengers, most of whom were army officers who had been home on leave of absence. Beside these I had a widow woman named Legrand, and her son, whom she called Walter. Walter Legrand was, according to the register, five-and-twenty years of age. He was very slight in his build, or, at least, he seemed so when compared with the stout infantry officers who surrounded him; but there were no signs of feebleness about him. He was of medium height, and smaller than the ordinary class of men. His hair was long and curly, and as black as night. His eyes were large and full, and burned like orbs of light set in jet. His countenance was very pale, and the brow, which was much higher and fuller than in older men, was strongly marked by the blue veins which stood boldly out upon it. His features were regular and eminently handsome—the nose prominent and straight, and the lips thin and colorless. His hands were small and as delicate as a babe's. His whole appearance indicated the close, unswerving student, and I think he had the least of the animal man in his physiognomy of any person whom I have ever seen. Mrs. Legrand must have been married when very young, for she could not then have been more than forty years of age, and she was as beautiful as ever. A more lovely woman is seldom seen. Her hair was of a golden hue, and her eyes seemed made for the abode of smiles and love, though it was now often sad and downcast. Her husband had died in India, and she was going out to settle his estate, she having an only brother still there. Her husband had been a colonel of cavalry, and a brave and honest man.

Mrs. Legrand had one female servant to accompany her, and together they occupied a small state-room which she had fitted up with my consent, at her own expense. We found Walter to be a very agreeable companion, though he was reserved and sedate. He could converse freely on subjects of general interest, and at times he was startlingly eloquent. For one I enjoyed his conversation much, though I sometimes noticed that some of the military passengers were inclined to wear a sneer upon their lips when he went deeply into moral philosophy.

Matters passed on quite pleasantly for several weeks. To be sure, at times, young Legrand received treatment from one or two of the other passengers which I thought meant insult, and which I should have resented, but he took no notice of it, and so I did not make myself uneasy. One man in particular seemed to dislike the youth. It was an infantry captain named Savage. He was a profane, reckless man, and he seemed to hate Legrand simply because he was so unlike himself. Legrand never laughed nor even smiled at any of his profane, vulgar jokes, but, on the contrary, plainly showed by his looks that he did not like them.

We had cleared the southern coasts of Africa, and were standing up into the Indian Ocean. One day at the dinner-table, Captain Savage allowed himself to become more profane than usual. Neither of the females were present, and he launched out into a course of stories and jests which were indecent in the extreme. The wine circulated freely, and his boon companions seemed to enjoy the sport hugely. Several times Legrand cast a reproving glance at Savage, and the latter noticed it, but instead of becoming more decent, he only tried the harder to displease and annoy the quiet passenger.

At length the infantry captain became so outrageously profane and vulgar that Legrand would stand it no longer, and quickly moving his chair back, he rose from the table and moved towards the deck.

"Come back, here," shouted Savage.

But the young man took no notice of him.

"Come back, I say."

Legrand did not turn, but with a steady step he kept on and went upon deck.

At length the officers finished their dessert, and most of them went to bed. Savage went up, and as soon as he saw Legrand standing by the weather mainmast rigging, he passed over.

"Mr. Legrand," he said, in a highly pompous tone, "why did you leave the dinner-table?"

"Simply because I wished to," calmly replied the young man.

"But why did you wish to leave it?"

"That is a question I choose not to answer."

"But I choose that you shall not to answer."

"O, I would answer it with pleasure, if I thought it would benefit you any to know; but I fear you would not improve upon it even were I to tell you."

"Allow me to be the judge. Tell me."

"Since you are so urgent, I will comply," returned Legrand, in a tone perfectly calm and pleasant.

"The truth is, sir, your conduct and speech were so unpleasant, that I suffered exceedingly, and so I chose to leave you with those who were better calculated to enjoy or put up with it."

"Ah," uttered the captain, while his cheek flushed, and his lip trembled. "And may I be so bold as to inquire what part of my conduct you thought unbecoming a gentleman?"

"All of it, sir."

"Do you mean to say that I am not a gentleman?"

"I have said no such thing. I have simply answered your own questions."

"But you have intimated that my conduct was not gentlemanly."

"Yes, sir. I have plainly said so."

"Ah, now I have it. I shall demand satisfaction for that. You shall find, sir, that no one calls my character in question with impunity."

"Then, my dear sir," said Legrand, "why will you not endeavor to have some respect for the feelings of others?"

"I have, sir, all that is necessary. Do you suppose that I care for your sickening, babyish, self-pitying piety? Not a bit of it. You have insulted me. First at the table—for actions speak as well as words. Your leaving as you did, and thus interrupting me in the midst of a narrative, was a gross insult, and you meant it as such."

"You are mistaken, sir."

"You lie, sir!" exclaimed Savage, now fairly enraged at the young man's perfect coolness.

"You did mean it as an insult. Now, sir, you must answer for it. You shall answer for it."

"Will you take the sword or pistol?"

"Neither, sir. Let me be in peace—that is all I ask."

"You want fight, eh?"

"No sir."

"Now will you?"

As Savage thus spoke, he struck the young man with the flat of his hand, upon the cheek.

"Now will you fight?"

Walter Legrand turned as pale as death, but did not serve nor muscle moved. In a moment more the blood returned to his face, and he looked the brutal man calmly in the eye.

"Captain Savage," he at length said, in a low, tomb-like voice, "I cannot fight you, nor have I any wish to do it. If you feel happier after what you have done, you are welcome to the empty air you breathe."

"You may calm, but my course is strange one, but I have no explanation to make."

"Coward!" hissed the brute.

Again that deadly pallor spread over the young man's face, and I could see that the nails of his fingers were fairly eating into the palms of his hands. He was silent but a moment, and when he spoke again, it was in the same calm, strange tone.

"Captain Savage, leave me, sir. I have harmed you not, and now I am in the possession of my senses. Leave me, or I may be made a madman."

Savage was upon the point of saying more when I interfered.

"Captain," said I, "let this subject drop now. You are wholly in the wrong, and I will see the young man absolved no more."

"Do you interfere?" exclaimed Savage, turning madly towards me.

"I do," I returned, "and I mean what I say. I command here, and you will be wise if you obey."

"And suppose I do not choose to obey?"

"I think it will be an uncomfortable experiment for you to try," was my reply.

Now I love to Dame Nature some thanks for having given me a frame more powerful in its physical mould than she ordinarily bestows upon her mortal children, and long command of turbulent spirits in the shape of refractory seamen, had given me not only a decision of character, but had written the fact pretty plainly on my countenance. Savage looked at me as a moment, and then he said, with rather a chop-fallen expression of countenance:

"O, very well. You are captain, and I suppose it would be open mutiny to resist you."

And with that he walked away.

Now to tell the truth, I hoped the fellow would have shown some more resistance, for I had made up my mind to knock him down and put him in irons; but I was disappointed; though, upon more calm reflection, of course I was glad affairs turned as they did.

This event cast a sort of cloud over the spirits of the passengers for several days, and though Savage refrained from most of his profanity, yet I could see that not only he, but the others, looked upon Walter Legrand as a coward.

The young man himself seemed to notice it, for he was taciturn and sedate, and I often noticed that his eyes drooped before the gaze of others, and that his lips trembled.

Early one morning land was reported upon the horizon. I knew it to be the Bourbon Island. The wind was very light, the ship not making more than three knots with her royals and studding-sails. About the middle of the forenoon we saw a long, low, low boat or rather a vessel—came from one of the crests of the island. I levelled my glass upon the craft, and found it to be full of men. There were seventy-five at least.

"Captain, what is she?" asked Savage, approaching the spot where I stood.

"I think there is not much danger in setting her down for a pirate," I replied. "I have heard that there were a nest of pirates on the Bourbon Island, and I think we are likely to find it there."

"Pirates!" uttered Savage, turning pale.

"They will be likely to be ugly creatures, wont they?"

"Of course they will. They certainly outnumber us three to one, and are in all probability, all of them stout, reckless fellows."

"But you don't think they will follow the rule of putting all their prisoners to death, do you?"

"You can judge of that as well as I can," was my reply; and then I turned to the men.

I could see that Savage was much frightened, and, in fact, nearly all were startled by the appearance of the suspicious boat. The presence of a pirate is not a pleasant theme for any one, and especially these land pirates, for they generally make it a practice to put their prisoners to death, so that their haunts may not be exposed.

We had no carriage-gun, but there were cutlasses and pistols enough on board for the crew, and I lost no time in arming my men. All told we mustered forty-one men. The ship's crew, including myself, made twenty-nine, and there were twelve of the passengers, though I knew not whether to count upon Walter Legrand or not. However, he could fire a pistol, and that was something. By the time I had made these arrangements, the quic was within two cables' length of us, and we could see that there were nearly eighty men on board of her—not so great odds as we had at first supposed, but still two to one against us.

We could see, too, that they were twelve of the passengers, though I knew not whether to count upon Walter Legrand or not. However, he could fire a pistol, and that was something. By the time I had made these arrangements, the quic was within two cables' length of us, and we could see that there were nearly eighty men on board of her—not so great odds as we had at first supposed, but still two to one against us.

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## THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MARTIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

The terms of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION are \$2.00 per annum, in advance. The paper is always delivered at the expiration of the time paid for. See insert on the last page.

\*All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be addressed to F. GLEASON, Boston, Mass., proprietor of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, post paid.

## CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"Violent Lee, or, the Unparalleled," a tale by Mrs. E. D. DAVIS.  
 "The Glorious Omar Pasha," a sketch by ANNE T. WILSON.  
 "The Moorish Strategem," a story by ELIZABETH C. COLE.  
 "The Silent Young Man," a humorous sketch by the Oct. '91.  
 "The West Point Cadet," a tale by FRANCES A. DUNSTON.  
 "Human Life," verses by W. R. LAWRENCE.  
 "Indian Summer," lines by J. STARR HOLWAY.  
 "The Autumn Rain," lines by W. W. GLEASON.  
 "A Busy World," lines by W. W. GLEASON.  
 "Invitation to the Drama," verses by MARK WESTWORTH ALLEN.

## ARTICLES RECEIVED.

"Visit to New Hampshire," a sketch by M. M. "My Island Home," "A Song to Come to Me," "The Fire-Song," and "Over the Hills."

## A STEAM NAVY.

We perceive by the papers that the three new steam frigates, now in the process of construction for our government, are to be furnished with engines each of a new and untried model. We trust that these experiments will be successful, and that Mr. Ericsson will be more fortunate with the one he is entrusted to build, than he was with the engine he undertook for a private company; but we confess that we were rather sorry to see the announcement which has alluded to it. It would have been far more satisfactory to learn that the government had employed competent and experienced builders to put into the new frigates engines of a model that had already been tested, such as those that drive the Collins' line of steamers, and which have proved adequate to every weather and every sea.

The miserable inefficiency of our naval steam vessels has been for years a subject of complaint and a source of mortification to our people; it would be something more serious yet, should we become involved in a foreign war. It is a truly humiliating circumstance, that while steam navigation owes its birth to American genius; while we have engineers, mechanics and material capable of producing the finest steam-frigates in the world, we should be accomplished comparatively nothing in this line, while France and England possess each a steam navy that is the admiration of the world. Were sailing vessels alone employed in naval warfare, we should rest perfectly easy. We know that the impromptu infant navy of the struggling American colonies made itself severely felt in the last century, when Paul Jones dared to carry his flag into the narrow, stormy waters of the North Sea, and beat the British sea wolf in his den.

We know very well that in 1812, when our old enemy boasted his thousand ships, we improvised a navy on the spur of the moment that humbled the "meteor flag of England" in every sea. We do not forget—what American does? of the Constitution and Guerriere, the Wasp and the Frolic, the United States and Macedonian, the Constitution and the Java, the Hornet and Peacock, the Cyane and Levant; but it becomes us to see that these victories shall not be balanced by a sad series of reverses in any future war. With England and France, the two great naval powers of the old world, we are now at peace, and we trust that the day may never arrive when the flag that now salute each other in peaceful courtesy, shall rally hostile armies to a life and death struggle. But such an encounter is not impossible; the eastern and western world are representatives of antagonistic principles.

Three thousand miles of intervening ocean are no barrier to hostility since it has become a universal thoroughfare and highway. The invasion of either continent by the other is a military impossibility, and the war of the east and west, if war there be, must be waged upon the ocean. We ask, then, how are we prepared, in such an event, to meet a fleet of first-class war-steamer? It is idle to talk of converting the magnificent Liverpool and California steam-packets into war-steamer; every practical man knows that it cannot be done. It is very easy to talk of such a transformation when a subsidy is asked from government, but everybody except members of Congress knows that all such plans are mere moonshine. The British government would not dream of pressing the Cunarders into the navy, though their mail contract authorizes them to do so.

Steamships for mercantile service are one thing, and steamships for naval warfare quite another. We must have a fleet of steam vessels built expressly for fighting, and not to carry freight and passengers, and it is high time that we set about building them. It is of no use to put an old boiler and smoke-pipe into a lumbering craft and call it a war-steamer, or to point to half a dozen two hundred ton schooners with screws or paddle-wheels, and say we have a steam navy. We have got nothing in the steam line that can stand up against the British frigates at the French and English have in the Baltic and Black seas. And because such vessels cannot be built to order in a few weeks or months, we would have our government, before it is too late, put on the stocks a number of steamers of such size as to do credit to the greatness and the resources of our country.

STATUE OF JUDAS STORY.—Mr. Wm. W. Story has finished the statue of his father, the late Justice Story, upon which he has been engaged abroad for some time past, and it has been shipped from Italy to America.

CRITIC.—A large dog that goes unchained, and barks at everything he does not comprehend.

## CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.

We shall publish on the first of January, 1855, a new magazine, entitled "GLEASON'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE," a work which will contain one hundred rally octavo pages of reading matter in each number—being more than any of the Philadelphia three-dollar magazines—and forming two volumes each year of six hundred pages, or twelve hundred pages of reading matter yearly, for

## ONE DOLLAR!

Being resolved to furnish good interesting reading for the million, and at a price which all can afford,

## GLEASON'S DOLLAR MONTHLY

will be filled with entertaining and popular stories, by our best writers, with sketches, poems, scraps of wit and humor, and a miscellaneous compend of the notable events of the times in both hemispheres, forming an agreeable companion for a leisure moment or hour, anywhere, at home or abroad.

Any person enclosing one dollar to the proprietor, at below, shall receive the magazine for one year. Subscribe early, and secure the work complete.

F. GLEASON, Publisher and Proprietor, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston.

## KANSAS.

The Kansas Herald, a paper printed at Fort Leavenworth, has just come to hand. It is the first newspaper published in the new Territory, and is a very respectable-looking sheet, and edited with ability. The town of Fort Leavenworth was founded by thirty-two settlers, who formed themselves into an association, who got the original claimants of the town to relinquish their rights. The company expended \$2400 in clearing three hundred and twenty acres of land for the town. The stock was divided into one hundred and seventy-five shares, which have since sold at prices ranging from \$200 to \$500. The town is situated one mile and a half below Fort Leavenworth. It joins the Military Reserve, and has a rock-bound front on the river, with a gradual ascent, and gentle undulation for miles around. This place is destined to be the capital and metropolis of the Territory. They have already a steam saw-mill, a printing office, several stores, a large hotel, a boarding house, warehouses, and a number of private dwellings. The newspaper office is somewhat primitive in style at present. It is under a tent, and the composition stands are placed under an elm tree in the open air. The editor, in addition to his other arduous duties, has he packed wood, built fires, cooked for himself and compositors, fought mosquitoes, and slept on prairie hay on the ground, besides superintending building a house. His writing-desk is a big single lying on his knees.

## HAINSMANN.

Mrs. Mowatt says that while in Paris, she had occasion to use some of the remedies of Hainmann, and she applied for them to the physician himself, at his residence. She describes him as "a shrivelled, little old man. He was reclining in a sumptuous arm-chair, with a black velvet skull-cap on his head, and in his mouth a richly-enameled pipe, that reached almost to his knees. His face reminded me of a rusty apple that had been withered by the frost, but the small dark eyes deeply set in his head, could scarcely have glittered with more brilliancy in his lusty youth. Such is appearance was the inventor of Hainmann's.

EXPLICIT.—The gossiping "London correspondent" of the Inverness Courier writes: "The following instructions, which were given by Lord Palmerston to a foreign-office clerk for answering a letter, you may rely on as authentic. It is an admirable specimen of his court way of transacting official business: 'Tell him—1, we will see; 2, to use black ink; 3, to round his letters; and 4, that there is no *h* in exorbitant.'"

WONDERFUL AFTERS.—The editor of the Manchester Mirror has received a present of an apple which possesses the peculiarity of being sweet upon one side, and sour upon the other. The apple came from the farm recently belonging to Mr. Ebenezer Page, of Dunbarton, N. H. The editor of the Mirror says there are two trees upon the estate which bear fruit of this character—half sweet and half sour.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—This great national work is now a hundred and fifty-eight feet high, but the funds are nearly exhausted, and the board of managers have just made another appeal to their fellow citizens throughout the country.

HUSBAND'S RIGHTS.—There is an institution in Havana, called the Penale, a sort of hospital where husbands have the power to confine their naughty wives. This power is frequently exercised, the husband paying the sum of his wife paying the jail and subsistence fees.

BAD OPINION OF HIS RIB.—A deserted husband, in Baltimore, advertises his wife as having left his bed and board, and offers a reward of fifty dollars to any man that is white, and has never been convicted of stealing, who will marry her and take her to California.

FLOUR AND CATTLE.—The quantity of flour shipped daily from Buffalo, along the canal, over the Central Road, is about two thousand barrels, and the number of cattle, daily about five hundred.

A RAPID PASSAGE.—The new clipper ship James Baines, built by Mr. Donald McKay for an English house, has made the passage from Boston to Liverpool in 12 days and 6 hours.

CHEMICAL TEST.—The chemist must be a funny man, for he has a rector for everything.

## EDITORIAL INK-DROPS.

The loss of the Arctic steamer, and so many of her passengers, is a fearful catastrophe. Rumors are rife of a Cuban "expedition," nearly perfected.

The population of the Turkish empire, in Europe, Asia and Africa, is 27,000,000.

Ex-Governor Slade has gone west with another batch of school ma'ams.

In Utah, on the death of a man, his property all descends to the church.

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable.

Mr. Pratt, the great American traveller, we are pleased to say, is convalescent.

The loss to American underwriters by the Arctic will be over half a million.

Nancy Loomis was fatally burned by a camphene lamp at Halifax.

The cholera and fever have almost wholly disappeared in southern cities.

Many fruit trees in this vicinity have borne a second crop of blossoms this fall.

Hundreds of our hardy citizens are departing every week to settle in Kansas.

Wisdom is better without an inheritance, than an inheritance without wisdom.

In three days 100,000 persons visited the Agricultural Fair at Philadelphia.

There are fifty times more of spurious wine and spirits sold than of genuine.

It is computed that over 25,000 persons died of cholera in London this season.

Mr. Coudack has proved highly popular in his engagement at our Museum.

Ellis Logan has given \$200 to the Young Men's Benevolent Society, at Savannah.

An exchange takes the union of England and France against Russia, the Bull Frog coalition.

The U. S. revenue cutter Morris is to resume her position on the Boston station.

A census of Savannah shows a population of 6255 whites, and 5491 blacks.

## CARE OF POULTRY.

As everything connected with poultry now-a-days has a peculiar interest, we give the following remarks from an English paper. First, of the roost and nest-house. The floor should be sprinkled with ashes, loam, pulverized peat, or fine charcoal, and the floor should be cleaned off every week. The yard should contain a grass plot, some fine gravel, slaked lime, dry ashes, and pure water. The house should be kept with most health and straw. Evidently the Dorkings are the best breed; they will lay an average of one hundred and eighty-five eggs each per annum.

Fowls with black legs are best for roasting, while those with white legs are best for boiling. If you want them to sit early leave the eggs under them. Fowls in their native habits never lay more than they can hatch. Remember that no success can be expected from poultry-keeping if their houses be damp, cold, unclean, or badly ventilated; if their food does not approximate to that which they get in a state of nature, viz.: a mixture of animal and vegetable food; if the water they drink be stagnant, the drainage of the manure heap, etc., or if the strongest and handsomest be not bred from.

## SINGULAR ADVENTURE.

The Gazette de Savoie relates the following, which is said to have taken place in the commune of Villard (Upper Savoy): "Two shepherds, who had charge of a drove of heifers, had just laid out their provisions on the ground in order to take their meal, when they were suddenly pounced upon by a large bear, who, after having devoured all the provender he found, threw himself on one of the shepherds and began tearing his clothes to pieces. While the bear was thus occupied, the heifers, eight in number, formed into a semi-circle, and making a regular charge on the intruder, drove him from the ground, and released their keeper from certain death. The other man had taken to flight at the first appearance of Bruin, and having climbed a tree witnessed the whole affair in safety."

## A NEW WAY TO PAY POSTAGE.

A young gentleman, having occasion to write a letter to a friend in the country, sent it to the office by a German lad in his employ. Having no postage-stamp, he gave him three cents to pay to his letter, and in his friend requested that when he wrote again, if he had no stamps, to send the letter without pre-paying, as he had no idea of paying fifteen cents postage on three coppers. The truth was that the lad, on his way to the office, had slipped the cents into the envelope and dropped it into the box.

VETERAN EMIGRANT FOR NEBRASKA.—The Monroe (Indiana) Sentinel says, Mr. Powell, an old Revolutionary soldier, ninety-five years of age, with his wife, seventy-five, recently left for Nebraska, in company with several other citizens of this country. Mr. P. is remarkably hale and vigorous, capable of chasing a deer, with rifle and shoulder, twenty-five miles a day.

ILLINOIS BUTTER.—The Alton Courier says: "One of our commission merchants informs us that he has purchased during the past week 7000 pounds of country butter, in barrels and kegs, for shipment, at twelve and a half cents per pound. He has also contracted for 5000 more at the same figure."

A NATURAL CURIOSITY.—The St. Louis Republican speaks of a negro in that city, who was born and brought up in Ireland, and possesses just about the richest brogue to be found among all the emigrants of the Emerald Isle.

INSANE.—A late report of the Senate of Massachusetts says that there are now in the custody of the institutions of this State, 1168 insane persons, of whom 561 are in one hospital.

TOO TRUE.—It is as common a thing for gratitude to be forgotten as hope to be mindful. One who has drunk, turns his back on the well.

## GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"Kirk's Better Portraits," a tale by HERBERT R. R. "News of the City," No. 20, by J. G. R. "Pleasant Stories," a sketch by ANNE T. WILSON. "A Serenade," by M. M. B. "You and I," by T. W. WILSON. "Drops of Thought," lines by C. G. DEXTER.

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

This week's Pictorial contains a view of the New South Industrial Exhibition Building.

View of the city of Quebec, in Canada.

Interior view of a bathing-room.

Representation of White and Red Short Horn Bulls. Picture of a Herford cow.

Also an engraving of a Short Horn cow.

Commissioner's Hall, Spring Garden, Philadelphia.

View of the city of Quebec, in Canada.

Representation of the Governor's Palace at Havana, Cuba.

New Jersey Viaduct over High Bridge, New Jersey, on the Central Railroad.

View of the Convent of the great St. Bernard, Switzerland.

A picture representing the successful Deer-Stalker, returned from pursuing game in the Highlands, Scotland.

An allegorical scene, representing the Wrath of Flowers.

\*The Pictorial is for sale at the Periodical Depot in the United States, at six cents a copy.

## Foreign Items.

According to the Belfast Mercury, the potato crop of Ireland, this season, will amount to 415,000,000.

King Max, of Bavaria, has just granted an allowance of 500 florins, to be repaid next year, to Melchior Meyer, a young Bavarian poet.

Samuel Rogers, the poet, now over ninety-two years old, appears to have regained much of his strength, and may be seen taking a carriage airing in Regent's Park, London, every fine day.

The discourse of pious pilgrims at the shrine of Juggernaut was so great this year that a local famine ensued, and hundreds of Hindus were to be seen lying in the roads dying of starvation.

The Hotel des Invalides in Paris is now lighted by new gas extracted directly from water. Workmen are now engaged in constructing by the side of the gasometer a general calorifier for warming every part of the hotel.

Official returns appear that in Ireland, the gross amount of acres under flax, this year, amounts to 159,238 against 174,579 in the previous year, showing a decrease of 15,341 acres in 1854.

The returns of the Prussian income-tax show that, in a population of nearly 17,000,000, there are only three persons enjoying a greater income than £10,000, and only twenty persons who enjoy a yearly income exceeding the sum of £50,000.

Madame Dudevant, alias George Sand, whose retirement to a convent was announced some months ago, it is now reported, has written the history of her life in five volumes, and has sold the manuscript to "La Presse" for 150,000 francs.

A secret Paris society has been discovered, which has caused the revelation of some sad extravagances; the head of the society has been expelled for the purpose of giving solemnity to the initiation of members who were sworn upon it, was found.

## Dewdrops of Wisdom.

We never desire ardently what we desire rationally.

There can be no friendship where there is no freedom.

From impure air we take diseases; from bad company, vice and imperfection.

A friend cannot be hidden in prosperity, and an enemy cannot be hidden in adversity.

Some men extinguish their own genius by copying and striving to assume that of others.

Our merit procures us the esteem of men of sense, and our good fortune that of the public.

Our enemies, in their judgment of us, come nearer to the truth than we do ourselves.

Our self-love bears with less patience the condemnation of our taste than our opinion.

Self-love makes men idolize themselves and tyrannize over others when fortune gives the means.

An enemy may receive hurt by our hatred; but a friend will suffer a greater injury by our dissimulation.

Some enemies, as well as friends, are necessary; they make us more circumspect, more diligent, wiser and better.

Those who feel most deeply, are most given to disguise their feelings, and devotion is never so agonizing as when it pounces on the wanderings of misguided sensibility.

He that is peremptory in his own story, may meet with another that is peremptory in the contradiction of it; and then the two *Sir Positives* may have a skirmish.

Though knowledge may refine and improve taste, it cannot create it; nor can both together produce practical skill and executive art which can only be acquired by long and continued exercise of practical industry.

## Joker's Budget.

An hospital for the cure of wooden legs has been opened in Buffalo.

The epicure who finished his dinner with the "desert" of Sahara, found it rather dry eating.

If it makes the man, what does the tailor make? From ten to twenty dollars profit, perhaps.

Sir Philip Sidney defines health in these words: "Great plenty of open air, easy labour, little sleep."

When does a young lady wish to win more than seven shillings at once? When she tries to *fourish* (fourish sich).

## Quill and Scissors.

Sickness has a wonderful influence on the heart. If we ever feel like doing a generous action, it is while recovering from a long course of fever and confinement. Health has its uses, but improving our virtue and goodness is not one of them. All our crimes are committed by men overworking with blood and robustness.

The Jewish residents in San Francisco have recently erected two costly synagogues—one on Broadway and the other on Stockton Street. The cost of the two will not fall short of \$50,000. They were both consecrated recently, and the ceremonies were witnessed by a large number.

The supply of lager beer has given out in St. Louis, and the Republican takes advantage of the occasion to show the immense consumption of that drink in St. Louis. 18,000,000 of glasses were consumed within a period of about six months, at a cost of \$800,000.

It requires the influence of a Congressman, or some other influential official at Washington, to obtain a midshipman's warrant. The salary is, we believe, about \$20 per month, prior to reaching the grade of Passed Midshipman.

Napoleon the First was a magnificent hand at whist. While "every inch a king," as the Tuilleries in Paris, and was very expert on the rocky island of St. Helena, his captivity on this game was equally strong upon him.

The Bridgeport Standard records the death, at residence on Greenfield Avenue, Conn., on the morning of the 8th inst., of Hon. Gideon Tomlinson, widely known as one of the most prominent citizens of Connecticut.

On the 3d of July last, Mr. Madison White, a former citizen of Calais, Me., was crossing the plains from Texas to California, with a drove of cattle, he was shot with arrows by Indians, and died in a few hours.

Talleyrand once remarked that England had one hundred and twenty religions, but only one sense, and that matter, neither. It was also remarked that in England the only ripe fruit was "baked apples."

A reformed burglar is lecturing to crowded houses in the interior of New York State. He has served a term in the prison in the Union, and gives his opinion upon their conduct and management.

Can a very pale young woman be considered the pink of fashion? Are the currents of the ocean always green? Why is a heavily laden river barge called a lighter? We pause for a reply to all the above queries.

Chevalier Bonelli has an invention for the application of electricity to weaving. It has been pronounced entirely successful, as well in London and Paris as at Turin. The inventor is on his way to the United States.

A letter from Paris reports that two vessels of 2000 tons burthen each, are in course of construction at Nantes, to ply between Havre and New York, the engines of which are to be worked by chloroform!

The Washington correspondent of the Courier and Enquirer telegraphs that General Gascous has negotiated a treaty with Dominica, ceding to the United States Fort Samana, together with a strip of land.

The present year at Yale College opens well; one hundred and fifty-seven students have newly entered the different classes, of which one hundred and twenty-six are Freshmen students.

The effect of the increased pay in the enlistment in the army from September 1 to September 20, 1854, have been 351 against 96 for the same period in 1853.

People should understand that it is cheaper, and in every respect much better, to look up neglected children, and educate them, than to hang them when older.

The Catholic cathedral in San Francisco cost \$200,000, being more than the aggregate cost of any three Protestant church edifices in the place.

Great invention, the say. It has cured more dyspepsias, blues, and miseries generally, than the whole race of pills, pinks and powders.

The potato crop, generally, in Rhode Island, has turned out well, but the Freshman class in quantity, and almost everywhere in quality.

The statement that Bayard Taylor has contracted with Mr. T. Nichols, of Cleveland, to deliver two hundred lectures, is incorrect.

Make the most of your minute, says the Emperor Aurelius, and be good for something while it is in your power.

The Russian women think their husbands are becoming cold and indifferent, if they do not tug them once a week.

A violin is an instrument that tortures many for the enjoyment of one.

The valuation of \$2,000,000 for Bedford for the present year is about \$25,000,000.

## Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Winchley, Mr. Charles G. Cross by Miss Elizabeth F. Wilkins.

By Rev. Dr. Vinson, Mr. Thomas Ball to Miss Ellen M. Wild.

By Rev. Alexander Blake, Mr. Charles F. Bjar to Miss Maria Cornell.

By Rev. Mr. Burlington, Mr. Nathaniel K. Reiger to Miss Elizabeth F. Wilkins.

By Rev. Dr. Neale, Mr. Daniel Latta, to Miss Nancy P. Lyle.

By Rev. Edward Reade, Mr. William W. Chipman to Miss Ellen M. Bedford.

By Rev. Phineas Stone, Mr. Benjamin Sanford to Miss Elizabeth Wallace.

By Rev. Mr. Steiner, Mr. John Ord to Miss Mary J. Taylor.

In Charlotte, by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. James Donough to Miss Sarah Webb.

In Cambridge, by Rev. Dr. Ward, Mr. A. H. Road to Miss Eunice W. Melvin.

In Lynn, Mr. Edwin Q. Bechler to Miss Hannah E. Johnson.

In Salem, by Rev. Mr. Allen, Mr. John McCrory to Miss Sarah Reed.

In Lakewood, by Reuben Hafford, Rev. Mr. William T. Jenney to Miss Mary B. Cundy.

In Portland, by Mr. Chelkier, Mr. Thomas T. Osborn to Miss Mary B. Cundy.

In Portland, N. H., by Rev. Mr. Andrews, Mr. Charles D. Hobbs to Miss Mary B. Cundy.

In Rensselaer, by Rev. Mr. William G. Perkins to Miss Mary B. Cundy.

## Deaths.

In this city, Mr. Elizabeth Allen, 51; Frances S. Alden 38; Mr. William Ellison, 63; Mr. John C. Foster, 31; Mrs. Molly Steyer, 73; Mrs. Charlotte S. Canterbury, 62; Mrs. Melinda Chubb, 63; in the Freshman class, Miss Letitia Adeline, daughter of William and Betty H. Davis, of Milton, N. H., 17.

## THE CONVERT'S ADDRESS TO HEALTH.

BY J. ARDOR.

On the mountain's rugged side,  
Where rocks on rocks are piled,  
I've sought thy haunts of late;  
I've found thee in the vale below,  
Sparkling midst hoards of drifted snow,  
And in the wintry storm.

Again, when summer's milder reign  
The clad in varied charms the plain,  
She looms in streams to lave;  
On plunging from the river's side,  
While spheres rippled o'er its tide,  
I've found thee in the vale.

But when I made the town my choice,  
Lured for a time by fancy's glow,  
To search of vain renown;  
Through all my limbs disorder spread,  
While feverish dreams and aching head,  
Soon told me health was flown.

But, disquieted, hence adieu!  
The tavern feast, the motley crew,  
No more have charms for me;  
The gay debauch can please no more,  
The drunken riot, midnight roar,  
The song, the catch, the glee.

Henceforth to rural haunts I go,  
Through summer's heat and winter's snow,  
Thy smiles again to share;  
And then, as well known scenes I hail,  
Fresh strength with every breath exhaled,  
Once more shall be my care.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

## THE ARTIST'S STRATAGEM.

BY MRS. M. A. DEVISION.

CHAPTER I.  
HIS STUDIO.

"Ah, now," cried Frank Lemington, throwing himself upon a little mat, dilapidated sofa, "I am for the first time penniless. Not able to get a mouthful of bread, upon my sacred honor. Sell! what shall I sell?" he ejaculated, as if in reply to some suggestion made by his interior self; "what in fact is there to sell? That old bureau I paid—amazing sum, fifty cents for; no secret springs in it either. Wonder what it would bring now? Here's a sofa, valued thirty-seven and a half, and that old chest, relic of my theatrical foibles, contains a wardrobe that no living soul but myself could wear—and that only for fear," he continued, rising up and pacing the floor.

The large, old apartment did look cheerless without a fire. To be sure there was a bright imitation of yellow-bell and smoky smoke over the fireplace, with its black hearth, but it was, alas, painted, though by such a genial heart it had almost given heat to the canvas.

There were many pictures scattered about—several palette casts artistically arranged, brushes, etching pencils laid in confusion on the floor and table—an easel standing in the best light the room afforded, a few chairs leaned stiffly against the unpapered walls.

Frank Lemington had struggled with poverty all his life, he had been wild, but not dissolute; a dishonorable action had never stained his reputation. With real genius, yet no means of study, he had produced some incomparable portraits—but unknown and penniless, he could get but few orders. He had once strutted on the stage, and there is no knowing to what singular honors he might have attained, had not his vocal powers was too much for him, coupled as it was with his labor as an artist.

Still he was miserably poor, spite of his courageous exclamation which he omitted not morning or night. "I'll be a great painter—I'll be something yet, in spite of it all."

Frank was superfluous and therefore hungry. His only acquaintance in the city had gone out of town—and what young man of spirit would get trusted for a supper? Zounds! to long for a piece of bread! It was too bad!

He put on his hat, wrapped his cloak grandly over his threadbare garments, and passed out into the entry, walking slowly. On the landing at the foot of the stairs he met the old widow lady who he hired his room, and owing only one week's rent, boldly wished her a good evening. She was a lady-like woman, and rarely spoke to her boarders, but to-night she felt communicative.

"We're fixing for a party, Mr. Lemington, and if we might have the honor of your company, I'm sure my daughter and myself will be much pleased."

"Your daughter?" said Frank, standing still for a moment, with one foot on the lower stair, "I was not aware you had a daughter—I have never seen any one but yourself."

"O, she's been to school all her life," answered the simple landlady, and on her coming home to say, I feel that she ought to have some sort of welcome of the kind, and so I'm going to let her have a party. She hasn't had one, poor thing, since her father died."

"And when will your party take place?" asked Frank—he had much rather she had invited him to supper.

"O dear, that's what darling and I are in such a strait about; for the great room on the ground floor, just back of this one, sir, wants whitewashing, and the kitchen too; yet not a whitewasher can I get for love or money at this busy time; not for whole weeks; and the party's put for Thursday; that's in two days, you see."

A scheme flashed through Frank's clever brain. "I cannot starve," he thought, "I will not beg, but I must have something to eat while I am finishing Ella's picture. My good Mrs. Blake," he answered, after a moment's seeming consultation with memory. "I think I know a man who will do your whitewashing in two days."

"I'm so glad!" exclaimed the little widow, clapping her hands.

"He is rather singular though about his terms—he doesn't charge the usual price, but he would expect

to take his meals here. He has been, you understand, a sort of gentleman, but—" and Frank would have gone on butting till night, had not the landlady interrupted him.

"O, all the better," cried the widow. "I'll give him what he asks and his meals beside; but I shall not want him to come you know till nine or half past nine."

"I'll engage him," said Frank, and then added as he went out, "that's better than poison or pistols, young man; and be sure if you're brave you'll always get out of difficulty. You must of course go without supper to-night; but by getting up at daybreak, working hard at the picture for four hours or so, now that it is nearly completed, you'll get it done this week, old fellow. Courage, Frank, and thank your mother and the stars that you're not proud to work at any thing that's honest."

Frank took a long walk, and could not avoid passing by pastry shops and eating-rooms from whence his hungry humanity snuffed the savory scents eagerly; but afterwards laughing at himself, and repeating occasionally, "too bad, too bad," he hurried on home. His walk had done him good—and made him ravenous, too. What was his surprise on entering his lonely chamber, to find upon the table a brown paper package; and what his further state of astonishment, when upon carefully undoing it, out fell a neat supply of sandwiches—new white bread thinly covered with butter and mustard, and snugly tucked between "Fresh, sweet bacon, fat and lean."

"O joyful surprise!" exclaimed Frank, extending theatrically his right hand and the sandwiches—"but where the dickens did they come from? What good angel, or good fairy, or good creature of some sort, left them here, I wonder!" For a moment he stood thinking; then swallowing his amazement with a large bite of bread and bacon, he seated himself and had a good supper. "Only," he muttered—"it would be so much more delicious with tea."

Discontented mortals that we are! Who can lay his hand on his heart and say "I want no more!" Here was the secret of the sandwiches. Susy Blake saw the rather interesting and handsome young artist go out and pass by the window. Her cousin, a dashing girl with a small fortune, had sat for her portrait, and in her letters to the boarding-school Susy, she was forever eulogizing the "divine Frank Lemington and his studio." Susy drew her own conclusions from this—and anticipated being asked to the wedding. Susy was romantic, and almost crazy to see a painter's studio. It must be very beautiful," she thought, "and I mustn't see it now, and he's gone—I'll just run up and take a look." Now the young lady was engaged for a picnic for the morrow, one of those free and easy kind where the folk-ers carry their own refreshments, and she held in her hand a small brown paper, carefully folded over a goodly number of sandwiches.

Without thinking, she still retained, as she ran cautiously up stairs, the key she carried, exactly fitted, the lock swung round, the door flew open, and she was for the first time in her life within the hallowed precincts of genius.

Well, Susy found nothing very wonderful there, but she walked round, admiring the very fine paintings, and stopping occasionally before one worthy of her admiration. It was the face of a beautiful girl, and the expression was angelic. As Susy stood there, her hands demurely folded, her hair, which was very bright and pretty, falling softly and cloud-like over her shoulders, a sweet smile of satisfaction and admiration upon her handsome features, a close observer might have detected some likeness between the girl and the picture. The same soft blue eyes, over which the setting sun threw a mellow lustre, the same transparency of complexion, the same sweetness of expression.

"Who can it be?" thought Susy, going mechanically to the window—"mercy, there he is!" she added, in the same breath, for the artist was just then entering the house; and without a thought of sandwiches, away she flew, locking the door and hastily ensconcing herself in her own snug little chamber, one flight higher. Thus she saw how Providence sent a supper to the penniless painter. Susy never remembered her luncheon until she was going away next morning. Poor Susy, her cheeks were like crimson; "what will he think of me!" she whispered, after looking over her store of cake and fruit, forgetting that he could of course know nothing about it.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE WHITEWASHER.

On the following morning Frank was up betimes. He felt a little faint, but then, thought he, "I shall get a good breakfast by-and-by, and money enough to-morrow to keep me till next week; then I hope my patron will be liberal, for really I think I have done myself proud," and he gazed, with hand and brush suspended, upon his work.

It was nearly nine. Frank sat before his easel in a shabby, genteel dressing gown, well adorned with huge tassels. Thrown rather foppishly over his jetty curls was a really rich cap, embroidered with silk and gold thread, and further ornamented with a broad gold band. The door suddenly opened; a lad and a young lady entered; the latter, in all but her extremely fashionable dress, very much like Susy Blake. A flush mounted to Frank's cheeks and his eyes sparkled with pleasure. He sprang rather than arose from his chair, and stammered something about his disservice.

"O, never mind," said the lady, refusing with a smile to let her hand the chair he offered her. "I only called in to tell you I and Charley will be ready to sit again on Monday. When is the exhibition to take place?"

"Not for some two months yet, so there is plenty of time," was the answer, laying his brush on the table, and wiping his bespattered hand on his dressing-gown.

"O plenty," was the lady's answer, "good morning;" and she went out taking the sunshine

with her, leaving the artist standing as if spell-bound.

"Alas, what it is to be poor!" he exclaimed bitterly, throwing off his cap, almost angrily, and divesting himself of his dressing-gown. "She, so beautiful and an heiress, will never marry me, I fear, although she is so encouraging and gentle in manner, and I sometimes dare to think she loves me. But a trace to this—to business now. Let us see if Madam Blake's daughter is as pretty as her cousin."

Saying which he went to the old chest and unlocked it with a rusty key. Such an assortment as that yawning lid disclosed! tarnished gold and silver ornaments—brooches, cloths and silk-ware, buttons. Old shoes with enormous buckles, in short, the whole display was as motley as it was profuse. Selecting a large red wig, a long-waisted, spotted and wrinkled coat, and something like a butcher's apron, a set of false whiskers and eyebrows, he laid them out for inspection. They answered well, and he proceeded to transform himself from the highly talented Frank L., to a respectable looking man of all kinds.

"That'll do," he muttered before his little mirror, "my best friends would not know me now."

His best friend or his worst enemy could not indeed have recognized, in the bloated, coarse-looking face, any resemblance to Lemington—so going down hastily, he told his hostess that he was the man sent by the painter to white-wash.

She was ready for him—but first, would not he like a little breakfast? He looked cold. No objection in the world, thought Frank, as he demurely assented; and sitting down, he did himself justice, and astonished the widow, who saw she had the worst of the bargain; "but, poor man," soliloquized the good-hearted woman, "who knows! Maybe the poor thing has not had a good meal for a week." Frank was by himself nearly all that day; but the next, Susy had returned. She stood at the great kitchen table, her sleeves turned up, and her fair white arms immersed in soapsuds to the elbow, her dark locks turned coquettishly over, the tips escaping in charming little ringlets. They did not of course mind the whitewasher; and so Susy raved on, happy in unconsciousness of the beating heart and wandering glances of the stranger towards herself.

"How much she is like her cousin," he thought, "yet how unlike. More beautiful certainly in her simplicity, than she in her fiery, yet Marie is lovely, and alas, I fear beloved." Upon this he sighed so hard that Susy turned half and wondered what that noise was.

## CHAPTER III.

## SUSY'S OPINION—MARIE'S OPINION.

"Mother," said Susy, "the bustling little woman was lighting up the big oven—I did you say you had invited our lodger up stairs—I mean the painter."

"Yes," replied the widow, hastily retreating from a cloud of pine-wood smoke, and then hastily using the blowers.

"Didn't Cousin Marie ask you to?" continued Susy, rousing the tumbler that were to be put in requisition the little following.

"To be sure, she did; you know she's sitting for her picture," replied the widow.

"I thought there was a face up there that looked like her, only better."

"Gracious me!" cried the widow, turning round, while the whitewash brush went amblingly slow; "when did you see a face up there—what do you mean? when was you in that man's room?"

Susy's complexion was crimson all over. However there was no alternative—the story of her visit and the sandwiches must be told.

"Ho, that's the secret!" thought Frank, stopping over with one hand, that it came near falling off. Luckily, nobody saw it.

"Well, Susan, all I've got to say is, that you are served just right, going into the lodger's rooms that way; pretty manners."

"Don't Marie go often?" asked the young girl, quite subdued.

"You know Marie isn't the kind of person I'd have you copy, Susan; you know she always was bold and forward, and has had lovers ever since she was twelve years old, yes, and jilted them, too."

Susy was silent for a moment, then she said—"I think she likes the painter. By the way, she used to write to me at school, I concluded they were engaged, and going to be married."

"When?" whistled Frank to himself—and whitewashed vigorously.

"Well, I don't know," continued the widow, "but it's my private opinion, the young man is poor. Anyhow, he put in Frank, *set* *see*."

"And I'm certain Marie wouldn't marry, as she herself says, less than ten thousand."

"Then she wouldn't marry me," thought the whitewasher, beginning to think Susy extremely beautiful and graceful, as she went about so dutifully working for her mother.

"For my part," said the mother, vigorously pushing back the great soot grimed over a batch of forward pies to make room for cakes, "for my part, I'm glad I haven't brought you up with such notions. A good decent trade and something a little beforehand, is enough to make any girl contented."

"Well, it's my opinion," said Susy, "that Marie is really in love this time, and I'm sure she couldn't find a handsomer man."

Frank's complexion took the hue of his wig. "I think she likes the painter. By the way, she used to write to me at school, I concluded they were engaged, and going to be married."

Not five minutes after with great rustling and show, in came Marie.

"How busy you are," she cried, laughing.

"You see my hands are in the dough," said Susy's mother.

"And mine in the suds," cried Susy, gaily; "but stop, I'll get you a chair."

"No, don't trouble yourselves—but how nice

you're going to look! may a body speak to you after to-day? I hope, aunt, you've asked Mr. Lemington. I'm glad you have," she added in a voice of satisfaction, as the widow responded, "ain't he a love of a man?"

"He's a very nice man I should think," said Susy, quietly.

"Nice man—I guess he is; just look at his genius. Papa says he can't fall to be at the head of his profession in a few years. I think he's a beauty."

Frank retreated into one of the thirty-six corners that composed the old fashioned kitchen. He thought to himself "perhaps after all it is true this beautiful girl loves me, and is willing to accept my genius in lieu of money—and she would bring me—gold. Yes," he mentally added, "but what is gold without the sweetest virtues of womanhood?" Then his thoughts reverted to the superfluous evening—and on the whole he felt that with a fortune brought him by a lovely wife, and his own fame, which in such a case would bring him patronage, he should be happier than he was then.

"Who is that?" he heard Marie whisper from his corner; "what a scarcrow!"

"I shall wear white to-morrow," said Susy, "and a wreath of natural roses."

"And I intend to be dressed in the very dress I'm to be painted in."

"Ah, you mean to captivate the young artist," said Susan, archly.

"No trouble in the world about that," replied Marie, laughing again, and speaking very confidently—"all men are easily captivated. I rather think he's caught before this."

"Not so sure of that," ejaculated Frank, glancing at the sweet, artless face of one cousin, and it struck him for the first time, the bold expression of the other.

"There! I'll declare if there ain't the wood, and not a soul to split and saw it. Do you ever do such jobs, good man?"

"O yes," replied Frank, "but I couldn't till to-morrow."

"Well, I'll have it put in the woodshed, and you shall have the job. Somehow I like you; I think you're an honest workman. I declare, girls, he's got the queerest hair. I'm sure some of it is coal black. I shouldn't wonder if he'd been using hair dye."

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE LETTER AND THE WOODSMAWYER.

"Fortune has smiled upon me," thought Frank, suddenly, as that evening the landlady brought up his things, saying, as she gave them to him, that she had been to his room with them long ago, but he was out.

He opened the first. It was an order for a painting by a very rich and munificent gentleman. "Bravo!" cried Frank, snapping his fingers. The second was from his only bosom friend and contained only matters of private importance—

"The third," he broke the seal lightly, threw his eyes over it, sprang up, looked at the signature, and then in his enthusiasm, overthrowing a chair and a small table, he shouted at the top of his voice, "hurrah!" and then with dumb signs capered round the room—his face glowing, his eyes almost on fire—intense joy lighting up his handsome face.

"Well, I tell you what, Frank Lemington," he exclaimed, "standing before his little mirror, 'that letter was a regular stunner—excuse him, he didn't often use slang words—' to think that the old West Indian should remember me; eighty thousand—hurrah! throw up your cap, Frank, you're a wealthy man and a match for any, even for Marie."

The fact was, this momentous letter informed him of the decease of an old second uncle, whom he had long forgotten, but who had resided for the last two years in the vicinity of the city. Having no heirs but Frank, he had generously remembered him in his will, and left him, besides his beautiful house and grounds, eighty thousand dollars.

"Now the young artist must be at L—," said the letter, "early the next day." "But the old lady's word," thought Frank. "I'll be home in time and see the fun out."

And so he was. Chuckling within himself he donned his frightful wig, and with the addition of a pair of ragged overalls, he commenced his work.

It was the night of the party; the whole house was brilliantly illuminated. Richly dressed belles and beaux were promeneing in at the front entrance while Frank, laughing in his sleeve, saw wood at the back—in a shed where the widow had hung a little oil lamp.

Dame Blake was neither rich nor fashionable; she had her own, independent notions of the fitness of things; hence at an earlier hour than fashion required, she had refreshments served. Frank stood wiping his forehead, just beginning to look like a painter, when he heard voices. Susy and Marie stood in one of the deep, old-fashioned window-frames that led from the large back parlor, though entirely concealed from view by the projecting cornice that in a strange old style terminated in a sort of balcony, and from that hang thick faded vines.

"Why do you suppose he hasn't come yet?" inquired Marie, anxiously.

"I can't think," answered her cousin; then she added, lightly, "you are certainly bewitched with him, for you have seemed so dull, so unlike yourself to-night."

"Fshaw," returned Marie in a vexed tone, "I don't care two cents for him only to flirt with."

"Say you so?" whispered Frank to himself.

"O that is wicked, Marie, and you will get him to love you dearly."

"Of course I shall," returned Marie, coldly.

"And then turn him off?"

"Yes."

"O Marie, you think he is poor, but I assure you a gentleman who was here to see mama to-day, assured us that Mr. Lemington had just had a handsome fortune left him by an uncle, who, dying, bequeathed him all his property."

"Is that so?" inquired Marie, with energy;

"then don't say another word, I'll marry him."

"If you can," queried Susy, slyly, and laughing.

"No fear of that," returned the other; "he'd give all he's worth for a smile from me, now."

"So would he?" said Frank to himself.

"There's the poor wood-sawyer," cried Susy, "I'm going to send him out on a pile of cake."

"That old curmudgeon! he's a perfect fright," replied Marie, crossly. "I wouldn't trouble myself about him."

"But he's poor—he works hard—he shall have some cake," persisted her gentle cousin.

Frank sat as if exulting on a monster log. Something in white garments, looking like an angel came out and offered him refreshments.

"God bless you, beautiful creatures," he uttered earnestly. Another moment and she was gone.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE RICH ARTIST.

How noble and handsome he looked—Frank Lemington—as he entered the widow's room, his face beaming with happiness.

Susy modestly shrank back in the crowd; Marie welcomed him, paying him every attention in her power—using every fascinating art. Her heart beat high; now he was rich, she allowed her selfish self to love him, and she madly worshipped him.

In vain he tried. Frank sought the blushing cousin, and astonished, she knew not why, she still could not but note the expression of his glance. It was very sweet to her, "but why should he seek me?" she murmured, "when there is Marie, so much richer and more beautiful!" In a few words he told her why, and to Marie's anger, grief, indignation and remorse, say Blake was Frank Lemington's betrothed—the "little Susy Blake"—that poor, unaccomplished thing. Phaw!

Frank and Susy were married. They had a splendid wedding, and forthwith removed into their beautiful house.

One day Susy was startled by the entrance of the whitewasher, red locks and all. He seated himself familiarly upon the rich lounge, and re-galed himself with his usual, strange store.

"Who are you? what do you want?" cried Lemington is not at home," she repeated rapidly, rising and facing the door.

"Susy," exclaimed the strange apparition, inclining his head sideways, and smiling most hideously.

"Good heavens, sir, leave the house, now!" cried Susy, indignantly, crushing the rose Frank had placed in her hair.

Throwing off his hair, his whiskers, his false eyebrows, Frank held out his arms. Susy rushed into them with a scream of delight—"it can't be you was he?" she cried, laughing till the tears ran; "what do you do it for?"

"No matter what I did for it," he answered, kissing her beautiful cheek, "since I gained me a true, loving wife."

## HOW AN INDIAN CAN DIE.

A touching instance of this characteristic trait occurred at this late August meeting a small war party of the Chippewas and a greatly superior party of Sioux, near Cider Island Lake.

The Chippewas were on their route for a scaling foray upon the Sioux villages on the Minnesota, here fell into an ambush, and the first notice of danger which saluted their ears, was a discharge of fire arms from a thicket. Four of their number fell dead in their tracks. Another named the War Cloud, a leading brave, had a leg broken by a bullet. He endeavored to leave him, and whilst their assailants were reloading their guns, attempted to carry him along with them to where the Chippewas were hidden in a thicket, a short distance in the rear. But he commanded them to leave him, telling them that he would show his enemies how a Chippewa could die. At his request they seated him on a log with his back leaning against a tree. He then commenced painting his face and singing his death song. As his enemies approached him he only sang a louder and a livelier strain, and when several had gathered round him, flourishing their scalping knives, and screaming forth their demoniac yells of exultation, not a look or gesture manifested that he was even aware of their presence. At length they seized him and tore his head off. Still seated with his back against a large tree, they commenced shooting their arrows into the trunk around his head, grating his ears, scorching his face, until they literally pinned him fast, without having once touched a vital part. Yet our hero remained the same unperturbed statue, contented to await his death song. As his enemies approached him he only sang a louder and a livelier strain, and when several had gathered round him, flourishing their scalping knives, and screaming forth their demoniac yells of exultation, not a look or gesture manifested that he was even aware of their presence. At length they seized him and tore his head off. 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